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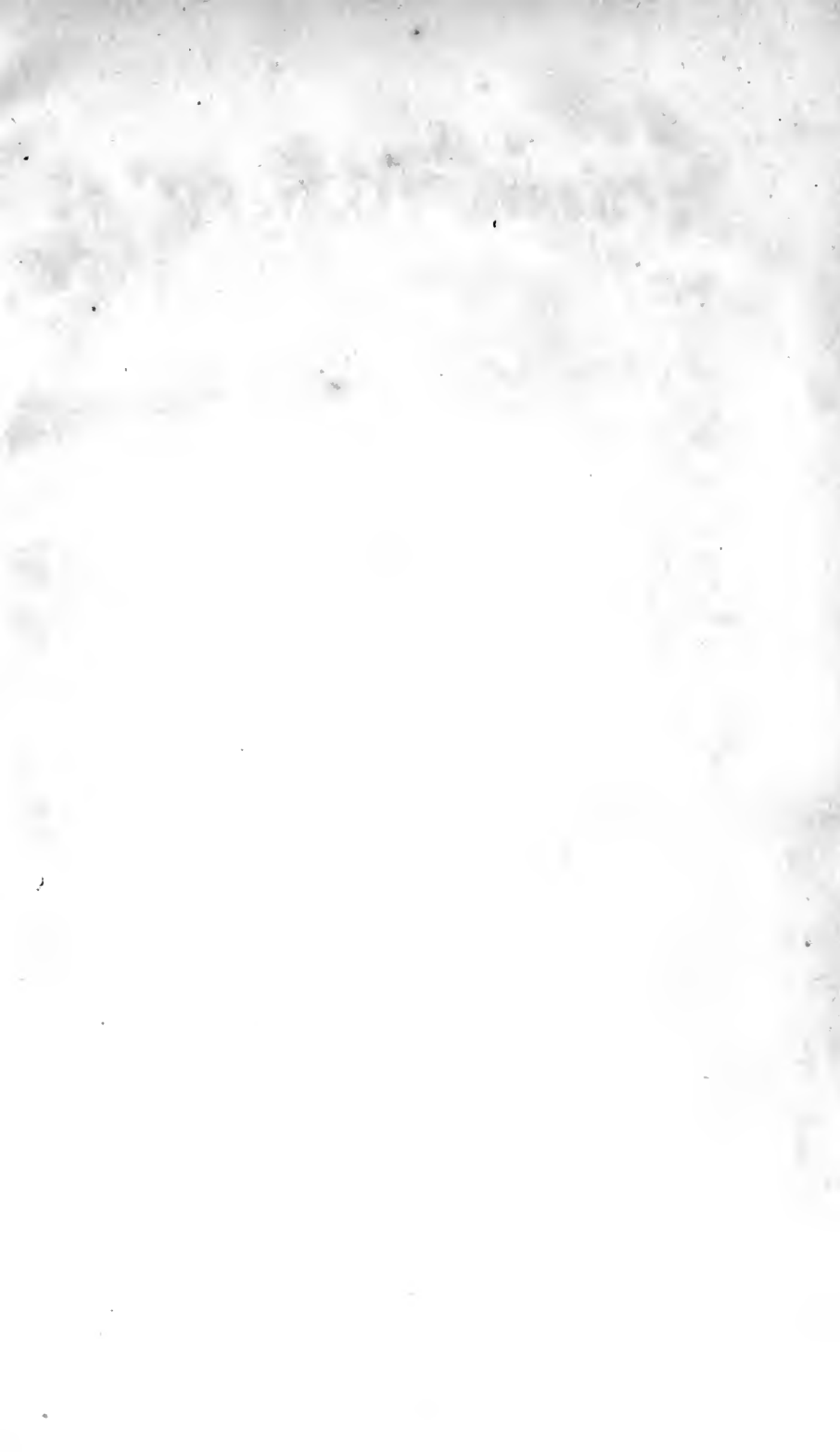


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THE  
**MAID OF ARABY,**

AN

**Oriental Romance;**

WITH OTHER POEMS,

DEDICATED (BY PERMISSION) TO

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF LEINSTER,



“ There is a World where souls are free,  
“ Where Tyrants taint not Nature's bliss,  
“ If Death that World's bright opening be  
“ Oh! who would live a slave in this?”—  
*Moore.*



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1820.

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TO  
HER GRACE  
THE DUCHESS OF LEINSTER.

May it please your Grace.

At a period when the moral and intellectual energies of our Country have attained a degree of elevation unexampled in our history, it may well appear presumptuous in an humble individual, to bring his feeble tribute to the shrine, which genius has consecrated to the literature of his country; but his offering, like the homage of the heart, however unasked, may not be unaccepted; and, if the approbation of *one*, whose dignity of mind reflects lustre on her station, could disarm criticism of its virulence, he might repose with confidence in your Grace's protection.

Distinguished by the possession of every accomplishment, and by the exercise of every virtue, which can adorn or dignify the female character, your Grace is revered still more by your adopted countrymen, for that spirit of benevolence and condescension, which has endeared you to the hearts of all around you. By the peculiar exercise of the domestic virtues, you have upheld the fame of the national character; you have given to the resident Nobility of our land a bright example for imitation; and have conferred additional splendor on the illustrious name of

Leinster—a name long enshrined in the eulogy of our hearts. Under this impression, I have dared to place the first offspring of my fancy beneath the shelter of your Grace's name, convinced that such defence will guard it as well from the rage of criticism, as the coldness of neglect.

I cannot have the vanity to suppose that this work should pass altogether uncensured; yet I trust that I may claim some indulgence from having finished it, ere I had attained the age of twenty. Its defects, I am sensible, are numerous, and its merits few; but I appeal to the national gallantry of my countrymen, for the protection of the Arab maid; and I rely with confidence on the support of her own sex, ambitious to follow the example of your Grace.

That your Grace may long continue in the enjoyment of every blessing, and the exercise of every virtue, is the dearest hope of

Your Grace's most obliged,

and very humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

**THE**  
**MAID OF ARABY.**

THE

WIND OF ARABIA.

Harp of the East!—that hangs in Iran's<sup>1</sup> hall,

Descend, and let me wake thy soothing tone;

Let thy wild chords the memory recal

Of other times, alas! for ever flown.

Let thy soft numbers mingle with the stream

That on my startled ear its murmur flings,

Whilst rays of glory issue from the beam

That sheds its radiance on thy golden strings.

Wake, harp of Iran! wake from sorrow's trance,

'Mid warring winds I view thine airy form,

Where fiery meteors to the red-beam glance,

Bright as the sun-shine 'mid the summer storm.

<sup>1</sup> The true original name of the Empire of Persia;

Wild—as the winds that whistle on thy shore,  
Soft—as the breeze that murmurs through the grove,  
Let thy lov'd chords the mingling measures pour  
Of War's stern language—and the notes of Love!

Though weak and tuneless be the youthful hand  
That o'er thy mystic mazes dares to stray,  
Still Envy shall not rear her deathful brand,  
Since Beauty smiles upon the humble lay.  
Then wake, sweet Harp!—whilst o'er my pensive mind  
Past pleasures steal in fitful change along,  
Oh! that my trembling hand one spark may find  
Of that bright fire which warm'd thine earlier Song!



## The Maid of Araby.



O'er Oman's sea<sup>1</sup> and its lovely Isles  
Softly the light of Eve reposes,  
Its waters sparkling in the smiles  
That ev'ning's beauteous orb discloses.  
No breezes curl the blue sea-wave  
Though many a dimple swells its bosom,  
Soft as the teardew'd sighs that lave  
The sweet Nyctanthes' lonely blossom,  
That flings upon the ev'ning air  
Its treasur'd hoard of sweetness there.

<sup>1</sup> The Persian Gulf—called also the Green Sea.

Calm is the hour as that pure ray

That gilds the radiant close of day,

When on the bosom of the West

The summer sunbeam sinks to rest;

No sound is heard o'er sea or plain

Save the wild lapwing's mournful cry

Flitting along the cloudless sky

Or perch'd on some lone ruin'd fane.

The palm trees on the Islets' side

So still the air—are motionless,

Save when the breezes softly glide

In murmurs o'er the slumb'ring tide,

Else—all is solemn loneliness;

The Nightingale has left the rose

To weep all night her absent mate,

And beauteously her leaves disclose

The sorrows of her lonely state.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In allusion to the beautiful Persian fable of the Nightingale being enamoured with the Rose.



The first glance of the rising moon  
Scarce dawn'd upon yon mountain's side,  
When from the walls of Gombaroon<sup>2</sup>  
A bark flew o'er the ev'ning tide;  
And swift and light that shallop flew  
Though scarce a zephyr fann'd the air,  
As if the secret thoughts it knew  
Of him, who sat all lonely there,  
Gazing upon the blue sea-wave  
That bears his bark to yonder Isle,  
Which lies like some lone Warrior's grave  
Mid tears that bloom, and beams that smile.  
And beauteous as the emerald gem  
That flames in Persia's diadem,  
Is the' Islet to whose golden shore  
That warrior points his lifted oar.  
The breeze that fans its jasmine bowers  
Is perfum'd with the sweetest flowers

2 A City on the Persian side of the Gulf.

That bloom beneath the Eastern sky,  
Its groves of palm and amber vines,  
Its plaintain trees like golden shrines  
Delight the heart and charm the eye.

Its beauties and its uses too  
Full well the Arab warriors knew,  
And late when from the Persian shore  
They fled their conquering foes before,  
To this lone Isle their Chieftain came  
Burning with indignation—shame;  
And with him all the sole remains  
Of those, who on Cadessia's plains  
Escap'd the Persians' vengeful sword,  
And here, where scarce a zephyr bore  
The warshouts from the distant shore,  
The tempest that behind them roar'd,  
They like the rocks that round them grow  
Bade stern defiance to the foe.

But who is he—whose eager glance  
Is fix'd upon the blue expanse

Of Oman's sea around him flowing,  
Watching each sparkle of its tide  
As rippling 'gainst his shallop's side

And in the silver moonbeam glowing?  
'Tis TADMOR—leader of the band

That from Cadessia's bloody land

And the sweet groves of Samarcand,  
With swords of fire and hearts of flame

To meet their Arab foemen came,

And now upon the Green Sea strand

In Valor's might securely stand

Resolv'd to guard their native land.

Now see him o'er the sparkling tide

With fearless heart his shallop guide,

Like some lone bird that from afar

Flies o'er the lake of Aral Nahr,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Or Sea of Aral in Persia.

Nor stops his weary wings to rest  
Upon its dark and gelid breast;  
So Tadmor's bark flew lightly o'er  
The waters, to that Islet shore,  
And as it mov'd—the flashing spray  
Shone in the moonshine's silver ray,  
As if each beam of light from Heav'n  
Back to its native orb was giv'n.

'Twas silent all—no sound was heard

As o'er the moonlit wave it flew,  
Save the light breeze that scarcely stirr'd

The palm tree leaves begemm'd with dew,  
And roving those bright waters o'er  
Wafted that shallop to the shore.

The Islet shore was stern and steep,

By granite cliffs and crags surrounded,  
Where oft the eagle lov'd to sleep,—

But ne'er did human footsteps trace

The mazes of that lonely place,  
Nor o'er those rocks hath seagoat bounded;—  
Yet see— from out his little boat  
With active spring the warrior leaps,  
And light as Yemen's<sup>1</sup> mountain goat  
Climbs fearless up the rocky steeps.  
Now to the narrow causeway clinging  
That beetles o'er the main below,  
Now o'er the deepmouth'd cavern springing  
And climbing up its rugged brow;  
'Till many a toil and danger past  
He gains the topmost cliff at last,  
Where high projecting o'er the flood  
A solitary watchtower stood.  
But see yon casement upward spring!  
And who is she—whose raven hair  
Dark as the heron's glossy wing  
Is dancing in the moonlight there?—

<sup>1</sup> Arabia.

'Tis stern Bel Hazor's beauteous daughter,  
Watching the silver moonbeams fling  
Their radiance on the trembling water.  
Yes,—daughter of that Arab Chief  
Whose cruel guile and vengeful hate  
Fill'd Iran's<sup>1</sup> happy land with grief,  
And left it lorn and desolate.  
Oh! 'twas not thus beloved maid!  
With beating heart and tearful eye,  
Thou'st sat in thy own native shade  
Gazing upon the moonlight sky.  
And never did the nightbeam shine  
Upon a lovelier form than thine  
And never did the night breeze bear  
To Heav'n, a purer spirit's pray'r,  
When at each daybeam's sadd'ning close  
She wept o'er all—the' unnumber'd woes

Her Father's dark and cruel hand  
 Had heap'd on Iran's hapless land,  
 For her soul's spirit pure and bright,  
 Full many a weary, anxious night,  
 (When Tyranny securely slept,)  
 In dreary solitude hath wept,  
 Wept o'er the scene of desolation  
 Which shrouded that once happy Nation.

Four moons have brighten'd Oman's wave  
 Of many an Arab corse the grave,  
 Since from the Persians' bloody shore  
 Bel Hazor's dastard band flew o'er  
 The waters to this lonely Isle;  
 But 'mid the direful scene of slaughter,  
 Forgot their Chieftain's beauteous Daughter,  
 Who in Harmozia's<sup>1</sup> sacred aisle  
 Had offer'd up her prayers the while;

<sup>1</sup> Gombaroon

And when the Tartar warriors rush'd  
Full on their foe, with conquest flush'd,  
When carnage darken'd ev'ry street,  
And Tadmor's sword flew forth to meet  
The breast of him, whose blood alone  
Could for his Country's wrongs atone;  
When ev'ry mosque and minaret  
Was stain'd with human blood,—he met—

(Oh! not the daring Arab Chief,

For farther off with fury rife,

Dauntless he wag'd unequal strife,

But one in whom the pangs of grief

Had nearly stopp'd the throb of life,)—

Bel Hazor's beauteous child!—

Low on her knees before a shrine

Bright image of a form divine,

She knelt and pray'd with eyes upturn'd,

Whose ev'ry glance was dark and wild,

Wild as the flames that round her burn'd.



Down fell the Warrior's sword—his eye  
That lighten'd with the battle's fire,  
And flash'd his soul's consuming ire;  
Bereav'd of ev'ry wilder glance,  
In deathlike stillness—mute suspense,  
Hung tremblingly on her, whose sigh  
Of heartfelt anguish, deep, intense,  
Told that amid that carnage dire,  
That scene of havoc dark and drear,  
She liv'd,—though death had lurk'd so near.  
Rais'd by the youthful Warrior's arm,  
Who sooth'd and hush'd each wild alarm,  
The Maid her senses soon recovers;  
With beating heart, and sigh suppress'd,  
She gazes round her, and discovers  
Oh! not her own lov'd Father's breast,  
On which she oft was wont to rest,  
But Tadmor's yellow Tartar vest!—

That rebel Chief—whose bloodstain'd brand  
Was rear'd to free his native land  
From foreign foes,—whose with'ring eye  
She thought could with the Tiger's vie;—  
The very mention of whose name  
Had caus'd such terrors through her frame,  
As chill'd the lifeblood in her breast,  
And flung upon her sleepless rest  
Such visions of affright, such gleams  
As haunt the woe-struck mourner's dreams;  
Ev'n he—that ruthless Chieftain now  
Is gazing on her fainting brow,  
His ardent eyebeam's with'ring glance,  
(With'ring indeed to Iran's foe,)  
His breath—the breath of pestilence,  
Is breathing round her, death and woe!—  
The thought was madness,—with it came  
Feelings of terror and of shame;

But when she look'd and saw the eye

Fresh with the light of mercy beaming,

And heard the soft, the pensive sigh,

Quick from his manly bosom streaming ;

Oh! hush'd was then each turbid fear,

And wither'd ev'ry darker thought,

While hopes to feeling ever dear,

Their consolation quickly brought ;

Ev'n he,—that Chief—whose eye so late

Glanc'd like the eagle's on the dove,

Shewing his bosom's secret hate,

Is now all tenderness and love,

And borne on his supporting arm,

Far from the madd'ning strife of men,

Far, far from all but love's alarm,

The Arab maiden breathes again.

Again she breathes the peaceful air

Of her own sweet acacia bower,

And feels her maidens' tender care

Soothing her fears in that dark hour.

The strife is o'er—the Arab's hurl'd

Down from his throne of blood and death,

And Freedom's flag again unfurl'd

Is waving in the morning's breath.

The strife is o'er—and morning's smile

Is glancing on Bel Hazor's bark,

Lighting the Chief to yonder Isle

In Oman's Sea, now wild and dark,

And Tadmor from the scene of slaughter,

Where Pity shed her softest tears,

Retires to see his captive Daughter,

To soothe her hopes and calm her fears.

“ Oh! fear thee not beloved maid!—”

In accents soft the Warrior said;

“ The heart that beats in Tadmor's breast,

“ Ne'er harbour'd aught of ill towards thee,

- “ His soul’s wild spirit is at rest,  
“ Since now his native land is free.  
“ Thy Sire is fled—ay—fled afar,  
“ This land his footsteps ne’er shall stain,  
“ And now the beam from freedom’s star  
“ Shall shine o’er Iran’s land again.  
“ To yonder Isle thy Sire is fled,  
“ There let him now in safety stay,  
“ Nor ever dare again to spread  
“ His warflags in our sunny ray.  
“ For thee, sweet maid! the evening breeze  
“ Shall waft thee to that lovely Isle,  
“ And when thy cruel Father sees  
“ Thy tender tear, thy sparkling smile,  
“ When safe within his sheltering arms,  
“ And far from all War’s rude alarms,  
“ Tell him,—that though in Victory’s hour  
“ A captive, in a Tartar’s pow’r,

“ When conquest safely might have wrought ”

“ The vengeance that his bosom sought, ”

“ Tell him,— that that same Tartar hand ”

“ That swept his Arabs from this land ”

“ Protected thee,—nay more—that tho’ our hand ”

“ The Daughter of his fellest foe, ”

“ Tell him that Tadmor’s heart adores thee— ”

“ Forgive me maid!—I meant not so,— ”

“ Tell him—he loves thee, yet restores thee!— ”

He ceas’d—and Sara all amaz’d

In speechless wonder stood, and gaz’d

On the young Chief, whose manly form

Might well a maiden’s bosom warm;

But oh! the tender words that hung

Half utter’d on his fault’ring tongue,

Those breathings of a soul sincere

That sink so deep into the heart,

And hallow'd by th' empassion'd tear  
To life its purest joys impart,  
E'en now like sunbright glories burst  
On Sara's heart,—as when at first  
We waken from some dreary dream,  
And wakening view the morning beam  
In gorgeous splendor shine before us,  
And feel his radiance flashing o'er us!

True was the Chieftain to his word,  
And ere the golden orb of day  
O'er Oman's sunny waters pour'd  
The radiance of his parting ray,  
A bark with costliest skill prepar'd  
Stood ready to convey the maid,  
And in it her own Arab guard,  
All in their native arms array'd,  
“Farewell,”—said Tadmor as he prest  
Her hand unto his throbbing breast,

“ Farewell and may thy bosom never

“ Confess the pangs that torture mine,

“ But oh! may peace and joy for ever

“ In sacred quiet reign in thine;

“ Farewell!—no longer here remain,

“ Farewell dear maid!—we’ll meet again!”

The bark’s unmoor’d—the sail is light,

The pennon’s dancing in the breeze,

And Tadmor from the seabeach sees

His Sara wafted from his sight.—

His Sara?—yes, his own, his only,

Like the one starbeam, bright and lonely,

That guides the midnight wanderer o’er

The waters, to his own lov’d shore,

Yes!—Love his flowery wreath has twin’d

In splendor round her youthful mind:

Yes! all subduing Love, that rears

His throne of bliss, on smiles and tears,



His chain around her heart has flung,  
And Sara beautiful and young  
Loves and is belov'd!—oh! the bliss  
Of Saints, were cold compar'd to this;  
While list'ning to his sad farewell,  
How deeply did her bosom swell!  
How wildly heaved her throbbing breast!

How burn'd the teardrop in her eye!  
While thoughts that would not be repress'd  
Came rushing on her memory.  
Haply she ne'er again might see  
The eye that look'd so brightly then,  
Haply she ne'er again might be  
Near him, the best belov'd of men.—

Now landed on that verdant Isle,  
Again she sees her own lov'd Sire,  
But ah! how languid was the smile  
That play'd upon her lip the while,  
How pale the cheek—how sunk the fire

That sparkled in those once bright eyes,

While deeply heav'd convulsive sighs

In quick succession from her breast,

Now tell how ill her heart's at rest.

“ Oh! my lov'd child!”—Bel Hazor said,

“ Nature ne'er form'd thy gentle heart

“ For warfare rude,—this silent shade

“ Where peaceful sweets their joys impart

“ Must shelter thee,—and here thine ear

“ Nor sound of foe or war shall hear;—

“ Here in this lone Tower thou shalt stay

“ While vengeance lights me on my way

“ To war again,—and Persia's gem

“ Shall glitter in my diadem.—

“ Soon as my faithful friends send o'er

“ Fresh succours from Arabia's shore,

“ I'll forth again,—again I'll try,

“ Whether this Chief of Tartary,

“ This rebel Chief will dare again  
“ To meet me on the battle plain.”—

But vain the thought,—nor silent shade

Nor aught that peaceful scenes impart,  
Can calm the bosom of the Maid,

Or tranquillize her beating heart.

Here in her lonely Bower she sits,

And gazes on the moon's pale ray,

And sighing as the nightbird flits

In silence o'er the watery way.

Like it, how happy! could she wing

Her joyful course o'er earth and sea,

O'er Ocean's bosom wandering,

With heart as light, and wing as free.

One thought alone her soul possesses,

And fondly does she prize that thought.

And from her inmost bosom blesses

The form, that lov'd idea brought,

While weeping o'er her own sad woes  
One cheering thought still buoyant rose,  
And floated on her soul's dark stream;  
That He for whom each tear was shed,  
Whose image form'd her nightly dream,  
Far from her cruel Father spread  
His banners bright in Freedom's beam;  
That after scenes of horror dire,  
Where war had rag'd with vengeful ire,  
'Mid bloodshed deep and massacre,  
He liv'd—tho' not alas! for her.—

This thought alone her soul redeem'd  
When ev'ry other hope had fled,  
And on her cheerless slumber shed  
A ray of hope, tho' faint it beam'd.  
But hist!—her casement upward springs,  
And see where like some airy form  
In Heav'n's own radiant essence warm,  
She sits,—the list'ning night to charm;—

And now her snowy hand she flings

Across her silver lute, and thus she sings.—

### Song.

Bright as the moonbeam

On the wave dancing,

Love! with thy soft train

Come to my bower;

Sweet as the wild dream

Borrow'd from Fancy,

Which thro' my sad brain

Darted its power;

Beaming with pleasure,

Open thy treasure,

To thee all the hopes of my heart I give o'er,

Oh! may no dark wile

Lurk in thy sweet smile,

Clouding the beams of that light I adore!

Sweet was the slumber  
Sorrow beguiling,  
Which with such witchery  
Stole on my heart;  
Joys without number,  
Evermore smiling,  
Still to my fond eye  
Pleasures impart;  
Vision of rapture!  
Form'd but to capture  
Bosoms that long in affliction have wept;  
Oh! may thy sweet spell  
Still to my heart tell  
Love has not wander'd—it only has slept.

On Sara's lips the words had died,  
Yet echo o'er the slumb'ring tide  
In melting cadence soft and sweet,  
Did still the thrilling sounds repeat.—

'Tis hush'd—what sigh now strikes her ear?

It surely came from some one near;—

She look'd and scarcely dar'd to breathe

While gazing on the rock beneath;

Where shrouded in his mantle's fold

A stranger stood,—in silence stood,

Like the lone spirit of the flood;

His egret wing and star of gold

Proclaim him of the Persian race,

Wildly his dark blue eye he roll'd

And fix'd in now on Sara's face;

That eye—that glance—there was but one,

Such piercing glance could dare to own;

To her sad eye there was one only

Who thus could look so bright and lonely;

Oh! it is *he*,—her heart's adorer,

Tadmor himself that stands before her!

Breathless, in mute astonishment,

The Maid her eye on Tadmor bent,

“ ’Tis he ”—she wildly cried, and flung

The diamond zone that round her clung

At Tadmor’s feet,—“ Oh! if thou be

“ The Chief that lately set me free

“ From death, nay worse from slavery,

“ Oh! speak, in godlike mercy speak,

“ Ere my lost heart in madness break.”—

“ Yes, Sara! he who stands here now,

“ With aching heart and pallid brow,

“ Is he, who lately from the shore

“ Of Persia, sent thee safely o’er,

“ Safe to thy father’s fost’ring arms,

“ And far from War’s,—from Love’s alarms;

“ But need I tell the grief that dwelt

“ In Tadmor’s heart,—the pangs he felt.



“ When from his ling’ring, aching eye,

“ He saw thee wafted far away,

“ With none to soothe the bursting sigh,

“ None to watch o’er him as he lay

“ Hears’d in the death of memory.”

“ Oh! Tadmor! need’st thou tell to me

“ The pangs that rend thy glowing heart?

“ Too well I know the agony

“ That wrings the bosom when we part

“ From those we love;—but whence or how

“ Unaided didst thou gain the brow

“ Of this rude eminence, whose frown

“ Terrific on the flood looks down,

“ Ne’er trod by mortal foot ’till now?—

“ Or didst thou not my Tadmor, fear

“ The deadly foe that waits thee here?

“ My Sire thou know’st—good Heav’n! but why

“ Sparkles such fury in thine eye?—

“ He sleeps secure nor thinks of thee, ”

“ Here thou art safe to Love and me.”—

“ Sara, my best belov’d! I fear

“ Nor foe, nor aught of danger here;

“ ’Twas Love,—Love at this silent hour,

“ That led me to thy lonely Bower,

“ And bless’d my heart, and cheer’d my eye,

“ With sight of thee before I die.

“ Here on this cold, this rocky bed,

“ For ever will I lay my head;

“ The Vultures hov’ring on their way,

“ May stoop and fatten on their prey;

“ They cannot injure Tadmor then,

“ Or call his spirit home again;

“ Yet Sara! with my dying breath,

“ Yet Sara! in the pangs of death,

“ I’ll think of thee,—of thee for ever,

“ ’Till heart and soul and all shall sever.”—

He ceas'd, and in his dark blue eye,

A feverish fire you might descry,

Which spoke his purpose fix'd and high.

Vainly the Maiden strove to calm

His throbbing breast, his heart to cheer,

Vainly she pour'd the soothing balm

Of Love, upon his fever'd ear.

He heard it not—his heart was cold,

Its light, its life was fading then;

That form he should no more behold,

That eye he ne'er should meet again.

Wild and impassion'd was his glance

As fix'd upon the trembling Maid,

Who from a chilling, death-like trance

Rousing her ardent Spirit said,

“Tadmor farewell! we here must part,

“As tho' alas! we ne'er had met;

“ Soothe, dearest, soothe thy anguish’d heart;

“ We’ll meet, and oh! be happy yet.

“ And tho’ upon my cheerless night

“ No ray of Hope or Joy shall shine.

“ Yet dreams of faded, lost delight

“ Shall round me their enchantments twine,

“ And cheer the wither’d heart that fate

“ Hath left so lorn and desolate.—

“ But oh! the light more bright and clear,

“ *Thy Spirit’s light* shall still be near;

“ Deep in my sorrow’d heart ’twill dwell,

“ Like moonbeams in the maniac’s cell ;

“ And tho’ alas! like them, it bring

“ Despair and madness on its wing,

“ Yet oh! so dearly do I prize

“ The light, from whence such feelings rise,

“ That I would fondly hug the chain

“ That phrenzy twin’d around my brain,

“ And from the very depth of sadness,  
“ Fling o’er my brain sick heart again  
“ A gleam of rapture,—no, of madness!”

Hours there are to memory dearer  
Than the hopes of future bliss,  
Thoughts there are to madness nearer  
Than the maniac’s wilderness;  
Tho’ those hours be fled for ever,  
And the hopes that made them dear,  
Still the thoughts of madness never  
Leave the brain’s dark mansion here!

A death-like stillness,—mute suspense  
Succeeded to the pangs intense  
That wrung each beating heart ere-while;  
A loneliness of thought, so dread,  
As if each kindred soul had fled,  
To meet and bask in Heaven’s smile.

Still slept the moon on Oman's wave,  
Still shone the soft-eyed star of Even,  
And many a sparkling gleam it gave  
Fresh from the azure vault of Heaven.  
Sudden a yell of desperate sound  
Burst on the awful stillness round,  
And issuing from the postern gate,  
A troop of Arab Warriors straight  
On Tadmor rush'd,—and at their head  
With faulchion glitt'ring in his hand,  
Bel Hazor came;—that Arab dread  
With arm aloft, and naked brand,  
Flew at young Tadmor's yellow breast,  
And clove the egret on his crest.—  
His warblade quick the Warrior drew,  
His mantle from his shoulders flung,  
And rushing on the Arab crew,  
Broke thro' the line that round him clung.

But vain the havoc of his sword,  
Fresh hordes of Arabs round him pour'd,  
And gathering in dread array,  
With horrid shouts prolong the fray.  
One dreadful rush the Tartar made  
Full at Bel Hazor's turban'd brow,  
But all in vain, his faithless blade  
Lies broken on the rock below,  
And bleeding, low on earth he lies,  
To Freedom's cause a sacrifice.—

Wild was the laugh of joy that broke  
From stern Bel Hazor as he spoke;  
“ Where are thy Tartar warriors now?  
“ Where is the wreath that decked thy brow,  
“ Thou leader of a rebel band,  
“ That dared to raise thy hostile brand  
“ Against thy Prince in lawless strife?  
“ But now thy dark, rebellious life  
“ In misery prolong'd shall end;

- “ Hence to a dungeon bear him straight,  
“ With careful skill his body tend,  
“ I would not lose the vengeance fate  
“ So kind hath given,—untill I bend  
“ His haughty spirit to my will,  
“ And force that daring rebel still  
“ Trembling to crouch beneath my sword,  
“ And own me for his lawful Lord.”—  
“ Never”—th’ undaunted Warrior cried,  
While rush’d the red stream from his side;  
“ Never shall Tadmor’s towering soul  
“ Bend unto such dishonor foul,  
“ Nor shall his freeborn spirit yield  
“ To thee, or any Arab slave,  
“ While earth or sea affords a grave;—  
“ Come meet me on the battle field,  
“ ’Mid shouts of Death and Victory,  
“ Then see will Tadmor dare to fly,  
“ Thou hoary slave of Araby!



“ Sooner the waves that lash this shore  
“ On Georgia’s sunny coasts shall roar,  
“ Or o’er Circassia’s mountains roll,  
“ Than fear possess a Tartar’s soul.—  
“ Oh! that I had one faithful spear  
“ To pierce thy coward bosom here;  
“ E’en now tho’ desolate I stand,  
“ With fainting brow and broken brand,  
“ Thy slaves around me,—and the chill  
“ Of Death congealing ev’ry vein,  
“ And withering my arid brain,  
“ Yet in the very pangs of death,  
“ Ere fate has snatch’d my parting breath,  
“ I tell thee—I defy thee still.”—  
  
“ Off with the traitor ”—and a troop  
Of hardy Arabs quickly stoop,  
And raise the Chief, whose hand alone  
Now grasps his Sara’s diamond zone,

Whose fading, fainting eye is bent  
Still upon yonder battlement,  
Where in her lonely chamber fair  
She lately stood,—she stands not there,—  
Not there?—oh! no, for pitying Heav'n  
A respite to her woes had giv'n,  
Scarce on her ears the uproar fell,  
Scarce utter'd was that deathful yell  
    So wildly on her senses pealing,  
When o'er her terror shaken frame  
A death-like, chilling faintness came,  
    A sweet suspense of life and feeling,  
And tottering as her brain whirl'd round,  
She sank insensate on the ground.

There lay the Maiden—'till her Sire  
With looks of dread and words of ire  
Awoke her fainting Soul,—How now!  
“ Whence comes this paleness on thy brow

- “ Thou Arab Maid! when victory  
“ So often sought ’mid wars alarms  
“ Hath giv’n unto my longing arms  
“ My deadliest foe,—why droops thine eye?—  
“ By holy Alla’s self I swear,  
“ I could for every rebel tear  
“ Thou sheddest for that Tartar slave  
“ Doom thee with pleasure to the grave,  
“ Nay worse—to everlasting shame,  
“ Thou stain upon the Arab name!—  
“ Thou thought’st I slept,—He thought so too,  
“ Oh! well that slumber he shall rue,  
“ And joy betide the happy hour  
“ That led him to thy silent Bower  
“ *Alone*,—his love-sick tale to tell,  
“ And whisper out his soft farewell!—  
“ But it is well,—hence from my sight  
“ Perfidious Child!—soon as the light

“ Of morning dawns on Oman’s sea,  
“ Thou shalt away to Araby;  
“ There some new faithful friend discover,  
“ Or weep and wail thy absent Lover.”—

Oh! deadlier than the parching blast  
That from the dark Simoom hath past,  
And nipp’d the bud of Autumn’s flow’r,  
Was that hope-with’ring pang that cast

Its baleful influence in that hour  
On Sara’s heart, and all but gave  
Her spirit to an early grave!

She did not weep—she did not sigh,  
Tho’ shone the teardrop in her eye  
It did not fall,—but frozen there,  
’Told, sadly told her soul’s despair.

A quick pulsation at her heart  
Was all that could to sight impart  
That yet she liv’d,—she liv’d, but oh!  
That life was worse than death,—’twas woe.

Bel Hazor's to his chamber gone,  
And Sara's in her Bower alone;  
While Tadmor's to a dungeon borne,  
Whence haply he shall ne'er return  
Alive again;—Oh! hapless Night!  
Thou smiled'st too brightly on the sight;  
Thou should'st have quench'd thy silver ray,  
And flung thy starry Orbs away;  
Thou should'st have look'd with tearful eyes,  
And giv'n to earth thy deepest sighs  
Fresh from yon canopy above,  
On this sad wreck of Liberty and Love!

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## The Maid of Araby.



The moon has sunk—dark lowering clouds

Are rolliug o'er the arch of Heaven,

And sable darkness now enshrouds

Each orb that late was brightly given.

Oh! who that saw that lovely night

The splendor of that beauteous moon,

Could think its dawn of radiance bright

Would set so sadly and so soon?—

Dark rolls the wave of Oman's Sea

And wildly on the rock-beach dashes,

While bursts of thunder rapidly

Succeed the lightning's vivid flashes.

Wild and convulsive was the roar  
Of each contending element,  
The rocks upon the Islet shore  
By lightning's vivid bolts were rent;  
Whose livid flashes far and wide  
In sheeted gleams terrific shone,  
Now glancing o'er the yawning tide,  
Now quiv'ring on the darkblue stone  
That lay along the Islet' side.  
The flowrets that so lately smil'd  
In blooming freshness o'er the plain,  
Of all their fragrant sweets despoil'd,  
Are wither'd,—ne'er to bloom again.  
Thus fade the hopes that lingering twine  
Around the heart in youth's bright hour,  
They live but in the Summer's shine,  
And wither in the Winter's shower!



Thus fell the glorious hopes that led

The Tartar Chief to Sara's Bower,

That lur'd him for awhile—then fled,

And left him in the Arab's power.

The morning's dawn had seen him lead

His Tartar Warriors to the field,

Had seen him mount his battle steed,

And wave aloft his sable shield;

Now lone, and dark, and sad he lies,

Within a dungeon's gloomy cell,

Far from his gallant Warriors' eyes,

And far from her he lov'd too well.

Yet no, not far—she still is near,

Too near alas! to him and Love,

In loneliness she pours the tear

Of sorrow, in her Bower above.

There sits the Maid—and silent weeps,

While safe her cruel Father sleeps;

If sleep that restless slumber be  
That closes up the guilty eye,  
Whilst o'er the waste of memory,  
Dark visions in succession fly;  
Visions of horror and affright,  
That haunt him thro' the livelong night  
Telling his harden'd bosom then,  
It never can know peace again.  
Oh! sooner shall the noonday light  
Burst thro' the awful gloom of night  
And chase each darkening cloud away,  
Than e'er the guilty heart shall know  
A respite from its dream of woe,  
But feel it still by night and day.  
But there is one whose youthful breast  
Hath never felt one guilty pang,  
O'er whom the downy wings of rest  
In sweet, oblivious slumber hang.

One who had oft in happier days,  
When fortune smil'd, and Heav'n approv'd,  
Bask'd in the light of Glory's blaze,  
Beloving all, by all belov'd,  
Yet now upon a dungeon's floor  
Imprison'd—chain'd, he sleeps secure,  
And calm and tranquil too, as e'er  
In brighter hours he slept before,  
With bosom as devoid of fear,  
But hark! his dungeon gate's unbarr'd,  
What light now flashes on the walls  
And now the Sentinel on guard  
The watchword from some stranger calls,  
'Tis giv'n—and all again is mute,  
No sound is heard—the guard is gone,  
Still the light echo of his foot  
Resounds along the steps of stone.

The Stranger enters—and a chill

Dark silence hangs on all around,

He stops a moment, watchful still,

Then lays his lamp upon the ground;

And having gently clos'd the door

Returns, and gazes on the floor,

Where sleeping lay the captive Chief;—

Wrapp'd in his mantle's ample fold,

With turban'd brow, and moon of gold,

He stood, and gaz'd with anxious eye

On the young Chief, who slumber'd nigh,

With heart that ne'er betray'd a sigh,

To shew he felt or fear or grief.

Some blisful vision haunts his dream,

He smiles,—and oh! that tranquil smile

Might rob e'en pleasure of its beam,

And sorrow of its care beguile.

And still he dreams, and dreams of bliss,

Of pleasures fled—of hopes to come;

Oh! if there be this side the tomb:

A joy on earth, 'tis this—'tis this;

When in the dream to slumber given,

We view the promised joys of Heaven!

One dear lov'd thought still haunts his mind,

One object in his heart enshrin'd;

One precious gem preserv'd with care

When ev'ry other hope had gone,

It lies like some lov'd relic there,

Adored by all—but seen by none.

“ Sara, my best lov'd! I see

“ The stars are shining bright for thee,

“ Come dearest, haste and come to me ”—

'Twas thus the sleeping Warrior sigh'd

The thoughts that fill'd his lab'ring breast,

Then sudden flung his chain aside,

And started from his blissful rest.

With haggard look and wond'ring eyes

He gaz'd around him with surprise,

'Till the dark stranger met his view,

“ Who art thou?—speak, how cam'st thou here?

“ Think'st thou that Tadmor's soul can fear,

“ Base coward slave he fears thee not?”

Then as remembrance flash'd anew,

And reason o'er his mem'ry flew,

He cried again—“ here on this spot

“ Tho' chain'd, unarm'd, I still defy

“ Thee, and thy slaves of Araby!”

The Stranger paus'd—and gaz'd around

On the damp floor, the Chief below,

Then flung his mantle on the ground,

And dash'd the turban from his brow,

“ *Hist Love! 'tis I*”—and Sara stood

Before him, bright in sorrow's mood,

Bright as the dawn of morning's beam,

The vision of his blissful dream;

And to his gladden'd sight she seem'd

Like some bright Seraph from above,

Whose eye, tho' dim with sorrow, beam'd

On him the tenderness of Love.

“ Oh! hast thou come this dreary night,

“ Thy Tadmor's breaking heart to cheer,

“ Wretched, too wretched from thy sight,

“ And happy only when thou'rt near?

“ Yet think not thou wert absent far

“ From thy lov'd Tadmor's aching eye,

“ No Sara! 'mid the rage of war—

“ Of grief, thou still wert ever nigh;

“ Still to this throbbing bosom dear

“ Tho' fate hath left me lonely here;

“ Deep in this heart thine image lies

“ Far from the view of human eyes,

“ Far from the chilling blast of fate

“ It reigns where all is desolate.

“ And I have dream’d—oh! such a dream,

“ So exquisitely sweet, it did but seem

“ Like the half stolen glimpses giv’n

“ To Saints, upon the verge of Heav’n,

“ But it is past, for ever past,

“ ’Twas too—too blissful long to last.”—

“ Nay Tadmor cease, in pity cease,

“ I come to give thy bosom peace;

“ To banish all thy Glory’s stains

“ And free thee from the galling chains

“ With which a cruel parent’s power

“ Hath bound thee in unguarded hour,

“ I come to render back to thee

“ The gift thou lately gav’st to me,

“ I come to give thee Liberty!”—

“ What, Liberty!—no it is o’er,

“ I ne’er shall know that blessing more;



- “ No, never shall the sunny glow  
 “ Of freedom shine upon my brow,  
 “ Too well thy Father’s soul I know,  
 “ Thou dost but mock me with the vain  
 “ Vain hopes I ne’er shall feel again.”
- “ Behold”—she cried, and stooping low  
 Unlock’d the chain that hung below,  
 “ Thou’rt free,—now hasten—haste away,  
 “ Already see the dawn of day  
 “ Is glimm’ring thro’ yon casement grey.  
 “ Here, place this turban on thy brow,  
 “ This mantle round thee,—quick,—and now  
 “ Here take this ring of bloody hue,  
 “ ’Twill give thee passage safe and true  
 “ Through all the guards that thou shalt meet  
 “ From this unto the Castle gate;  
 “ Once there, thou’rt safe, then boldly leap  
 “ Down from that high and rocky steep,

- “ Which thou so late in evil hour  
“ Didst climb to reach my lonely bower;  
“ There safely moor’d thy bark still lies,  
“ ’Twill bear thee swift across the sea,  
“ Far from Bel Hazor’s cruel eyes,  
“ And far—alas! too far from me.  
“ Oh! Tadmor, canst thou doubt me still?—  
“ No, by the cold, the freezing chill  
“ That falls upon my wither’d heart,  
“ I swear, we must for ever part.  
“ Drear was the lonely hour I spent  
“ While musing on my soul’s intent;  
“ On memory’s waste I gaz’d in vain,  
“ No ray of hope did there remain;  
“ The visions which my fancy wild  
“ Had conjur’d there no longer smil’d;  
“ My heart was still,—no longer there  
“ Beat the wild pulse untam’d by care,

- “ A dreary desert now it seems,  
“ Where desolation’s sick’ning dreams  
“ In woful mockery of the past,  
“ Alone their deadly influence cast.  
“ Thus lone and drear in the wide world,  
“ On fate’s dark billows rudely hurl’d;  
“ Without a starbeam shining o’er me  
“ To shew the gulf that lay before me;  
“ The hopes for which alone, I fain  
“ Would wish to live, no more remain;  
“ My hopes, my joys, my prospects fled,  
“ My bosom cold, my feelings dead,—  
“ Yet Tadmor in that dreary hour  
“ One darling thought its day-beam shed,  
“ To free thee from my Father’s power,  
“ And liberate thy guiltless head  
“ From slavery’s soul-debasing chain;  
“ Scarce had it flash’d upon my brain,

- “ When starting from my sleepless bed,  
“ With noiseless step I quickly fled  
“ In silence down the corridor,  
“ And reach’d my Father’s chamber door,  
“ Where calm and tranquilly he slept;—  
“ In breathless eagerness I crept  
“ Close to his side,—and fearless too,  
“ This signet from his finger drew,  
“ And from the belt that round him clung  
“ Loosen’d this key to which it hung;  
“ Then from the guard that near him lay  
“ In slumbers wrapt, I snatch’d away  
“ This lamp that brightly burn’d before him,  
“ This turban, and this mantle o’er him,  
“ Then hastily any way I took,  
“ Scarce daring e’en to breathe or look,  
“ Descended to the hall below,  
“ There plac’d the turban on my brow,

" This mantle round me quickly threw,  
 " Then down the narrow passage flew  
 " That led me to thy dungeon door,  
 " The guards I met the signet knew  
 " And gave me entrance safe and sure;  
 " Thou know'st the rest—now haste away,  
 " And in thy place I here will stay,  
 " And weep and pray for thee each hour,  
 " 'Till far beyond my Father's power  
 " Thou'st reach'd thy native shore again,  
 " Then dearest, best belov'd of men!  
 " Haply thou'lt shed a tear for me  
 " When far, far distant we shall be!"—

In wonder mute the Warrior stood,  
 While sorrow's tears in briny flood  
 Ran down young Sāra's pallid face,  
 And hung on every dimpled grace  
 Like rain-drops on the Almond flower  
 When water'd by the Summer shower,

“ What! ” cried the noble hearted Chief,

“ What Sara! shall I basely fly

“ And leave thee here dissolv’d in grief,

“ Beneath thy Father’s curse to die?

“ Oh! think’st thou I would meanly save

“ My life at the expense of thine?

“ No, sooner shall the welcome grave

“ Its arms for ever round me twine.

“ No, sooner will I perish here

“ Than ever cause one anguish’d tear

“ To dim the lustre of that eye;—

“ No Sara!—rather let me die,

“ Than basely cast upon my name

“ Such foul dishonor, and such shame.

“ Or think’st thou that thy haughty Sire

“ Would fail to pour upon thy head,

“ The meed of vengeance and of ire

“ He feels towards me—if now I fled?”—

- “ No Tadmor,—tho’ enrag’d with thee  
“ Still is he gentle,—kind to me;  
“ Thou know’st him not—tho’ fierce and wild  
“ To others,—yet he loves his child,  
“ And would not fling a curse on me  
“ To be the Lord of earth and sea.  
“ Then for thy Sara fear no more,  
“ But haste, and fly from hence before  
“ He waken, else thy fate is o’er;  
“ For sure as e’er the orb of day  
“ That now flings forth his orient ray  
“ Goes to his ev’ning grave at night,  
“ So sure thoult never feel its light  
“ To-morrow dawn upon thy sight,  
“ If here a moment more thou stay;  
“ Now haste, in pity haste away,  
“ Much more I could, but dare not tell,  
“ Already see, the morning ray,  
“ One kiss now dearest,—and—Farewell!”—

Cold and unfeeling were the heart

To which that Maid's impassion'd kiss

Could fail a transport to impart,

A dawn of that enraptur'd bliss

To some few happy mortals giv'n,

As foretaste of the joys of Heav'n.

He felt it all—a burning thrill

Of rapture, quell'd the icy chill

That desolation lately spread

On his despairing heart, and shed

Its baleful influence in that hour,

When Love, unwarm'd by feeling's power

Grew cold beneath its chilling shower.

Now rapture darted from his eye,

Now pleasure thrilled in ev'ry sigh;

And like the semblance of the past

That lingering hangs on mem'ry's waste,

Sweet hope that late so faintly beam'd

Now pictur'd joys that brighter seem'd



Than e'er before to his fond eye,  
Since first he heard his Sara's sigh.

While gazing on the blushing Maid,  
In accents wild,—he wildly said—

“ No, blasted be that glorious light

“ For ever in the gloom of night,

“ And sunk the life-pulse of my heart,

“ If Tadmor ever from thee part;

“ In joy, or sorrow, still to cheer thee,

“ In life and death, for ever near thee;

“ And if it be my doom to die,

“ Death will be sweet, if thou art nigh;

“ Or if it be my fate to live,

“ 'Tis thou alone that life canst give;

“ For oh! there's in thy lucid eye

“ Such melting love,—such bliss about thee,

“ That 'twould be happier far to die,

“ To die at once—than live without thee!

" But hark! what sound was that?—again—

" It issues from the hall above,

" It seems the clashing noise of men

" Contending there,—nay, fear not Love!

" Here thou art safe from all alarms,

" Safe in thy own lov'd Tadmor's arms."

" Oh! Tadmor, 'tis for thee I fear,

" Hist!—'tis my Father's voice I hear;

" He comes to wreak on thee and me,

" The full meed of his cruelty;

" He comes—our breaking hearts to sever,

" Now we must part—and part for ever!"—

Scarce utter'd were these deathful words,

When the wild uproar wilder grew,

And shrieks of men, and clash of swords,

With war-shouts from the Arab crew,

And cries of "Victory!" from some

Resounded thro' each pillar'd dome.

'Twas dreadful sure—the fainting maid  
Her head on Tadmor's shoulder laid;  
In all the anguish of despair,  
Still her last hope was center'd there;  
A senseless statue there she seem'd,  
In whose fixed eye no glances beam'd,  
No ardent glow—no throb of feeling  
Its life-pulse o'er her features stealing.

The Warrior paus'd—with anxious eye  
Gaz'd on the maiden silently,  
Then ling'ring stood the sounds to hear  
That fell upon his fever'd ear,  
'Till as the gathering tumult grew  
Near and more near, the shouts he knew  
Of his own gallant Tartar men,  
Like Lions in the Tiger's den,  
Madden'd, and raging for their prey,  
Sweeping each Arab slave away,

Hunting each dungeon furiously

To find their gallant Chieftain out,

While 'mid each cry of "Victory"

"Tadmor"—still "Tadmor"—was their shout.

He heard the cry,—and suddenly

Led by his watch-lamp's glimm'ring light,

A troop of Tartars furiously

Burst forward on his wond'ring sight;—

"Oh! my brave Chief!"—the foremost cried,

"Dost thou then live?—then all is won,

"Behold thy Warriors by thy side,

"Come once again and lead us on;

"By Heav'n! we swear we will not rest

"Our swords but in an Arab's breast,

"Nor cease while of that cursed race

"On Iran's land remains a trace.

"And in his den of treachery,

"Ev'n here their dastard Chief shall die.

“ Now take my Prince, this sword and shield,  
“ Well dost thou know those arms to wield;  
“ Bel Hazor lives—’till he is gone  
“ Our glorious task is half undone!”

“ Yes, my brave friends!” the Chief replied,  
“ Again, I’ll combat by thy side,  
“ To crush this Arab in his den,  
“ And wave our freeborn flag again  
“ O’er hill and dale, and Isle and sea;—  
“ Now follow Warriors, follow me  
“ To death, or else to Victory.”—

So said the Chief, and forward sprung,  
’Till Sara on his shoulder clung,

“ Oh! Tadmor, spare my Sire,” she said,

“ Have pity on his aged head;

“ He did not mean to injure thee,

“ He did not touch thy precious life,

“ If not for him, at least for me

“ Oh! spare him in this deathful strife,

“ And thy own Sara on her knee

“ Each day, each hour, will pray for thee.”

“ No Sara!—now thou pray’st in vain,

“ Now I am Glory’s slave again;

“ Nay, hold me not,—by Heav’n I swear

“ I will not now one Arab spare,

“ Nor leave within this cursed tower

“ One slave to tell the noonday hour,

“ Off with thy hands—thy pray’rs are vain,

“ Now vengeance I am thine again.”—

Then springing forward, backward flung

The fainting Maid who round him clung,

And as he vanish’d from her eye

“ Vengeance and Iran”—was his cry.

The Tartars follow’d with their Chief

Unmindful of the maiden’s grief,

And rushing up the steps of stone

There left the Arab maid—alone.

Alone she lay—lone ev'n in thought,  
Like the lost wretch to madness brought;  
Her hopes were o'er—her joys were gone,  
Nor found her aching mem'ry one,  
One sunny spot to rest upon.  
'Twas a wild waste—where Heav'n's beam  
Had ceas'd to shed one living gleam,  
A sunless desert—lone and bare,  
Nor sense, nor feeling, linger'd there;  
Where ev'n the light that reason gave  
Was quench'd in desolation's grave;  
And Love, and Hope, and Fancy's bloom  
Were wither'd on the mental tomb.—  
Oh! that a heart so pure, so light,  
Should ever feel such chilling blight,  
That heart which beat to fancy's thrill,  
So wild, so exquisite, is still;  
Cold as the icedrop that congeals  
The wither'd flow'r on which it steals.

Yet mid this wreck of Hope and love,  
Still rag'd the deathful strife above,  
The clash of swords—and fainting cry  
Of wretches just before they die;  
Mingled with shouts of "Victory,"  
And cries for mercy too from some,  
Resound through ev'ry hall and dome.  
The Arab Chieftain 'mid the fray,  
Still kept his Tartar foes at bay,  
'Till Tadmor through the struggling crew  
Rush'd forward on his wond'ring view,  
Then sunk the Spirit—sunk the eye  
That lately glar'd so furiously,  
And backward shrinking from the fight  
Would fain escape his foe by flight.  
But vain the thought—the Tartar flies  
With fury raging in his eyes,  
On the dark Chief, who boldly turning  
While vengeance in his bosom's burning,



Strikes at the Tartar Chief a blow  
That dash'd the turban from his brow;  
He stagger'd back a moment, then  
Rush'd on Bel Hazor fierce again,  
And sever'd with his trusty brand  
The broadsword in the Arab's hand.  
Now Arab! prove thy prowess true,  
Or else the struggle thou shall rue,  
Firm is his heart, and bold his brow,  
And strong the arm that grasps thee now.

One struggle and his fate is o'er,  
Prostrate he lies upon the floor,  
And Tadmor standing o'er him, cries  
While vengeance lightens in his eyes,  
“ Now, Arab, now thy doom is come,  
“ Now thou shall hasten to the tomb,  
“ Which late thou didst prepare for me,  
“ Thus reap the fruits of treachery.—”

Already had the Chieftain flung  
The golden belt that round him clung,  
Already was the sword uprais'd  
While mute around the Warriors gaz'd,  
A moment more, Bel Hazor's life  
Had paid the forfeit of the strife,  
When with a wild, heartpiercing shriek,  
Deep, desperate, as from maniacs break,  
When fancy places in their cell  
The form of one belov'd too well,  
Young Sara darted in, and fell  
At Tadmor's feet,—there pale she lay  
In the low state of life's decay,  
As if her Spirit's self had fled;  
“ Oh! spare my Sire”—’twas all she said,  
And clinging to the Warrior's knee  
In all the' excess of agony,  
Fix'd on his eye her ghastly stare,  
To see if mercy linger'd there!

Oh! not a moment could he brook  
That suppliant's agonizing look,  
But raising up the fainting Maid  
“ Sara, thy Father lives”—he said,—  
“ The battle's won—Vengeance is o'er,—  
“ He lives—though Justice may deplore  
“ And mourn the boon that Mercy gives,  
“ Yet Sara, for thy sake he lives.—  
“ Oh! if his stubborn heart this hour  
“ Be open to affection's power,  
“ He'll feel how vain 'tis to withstand  
“ The prowess of the Patriot hand,  
“ That's rais'd to guard his native land.  
“ For in that deed each tender tie  
“ That binds the human heart doth lie,  
“ Friends, home, and Country, all combin'd,  
“ All form'd to urge the noble mind  
“ By ev'ry hope to Nature dear,  
“ Through life its sunbright course to steer.

- “ And Heav’n itself will ever smile  
“ Benignant on the Patriot’s toil,  
“ And dear to Alla’s self is he  
“ That bleeds and dies for Liberty.—  
“ Now Arab! thou art free again,  
“ Go, with thy few remaining men  
“ Return unto thy native land,  
“ There spend the remnant of thy days,  
“ Nor ever dare again to raise  
“ ’Gainst Iran’s sons a hostile brand.  
“ Barks thou shalt have to bear thee o’er  
“ To Araby’s sweet sunny shore,  
“ There bid thy brawling spirit cease,  
“ And cultivate the arts of peace;  
“ Twice have I conquer’d thee in strife,  
“ Twice have I spar’d thy forfeit life,  
“ But should’st thou Arab! ever dare  
“ To tread our land with steps impure,

“ Now by this bloodstain’d sword I swear,

“ Thy life shall be the forfeiture!”—

By overwhelming wrath o’erborne

Answer’d the Chief—“ thy threats I scorn,

“ Soon will my Chiefs from Araby

“ Spread their red-flags o’er Oman’s Sea,

“ And drive thee boaster and thy men

“ Back to thy mountain holds again.”

“ Unnurtured Arab!”—Tadmor said

“ Here, kneel before this weeping maid,

(“ Unworthy as thou art, to be

“ The Parent of such excellence,)

“ Here turn and bend thy recreant knee,

“ And thank thy fair deliv’rer, since

“ To her alone thou ow’st thy life;

“ Oh! never more may lawless strife

“ Disturb the quiet of that breast

“ Where Virtue’s brightest feelings rest.

Then in a low heart-melting tone,

“ Oh! Sara, 'tis for thee alone,

“ For thee dear mistress of my heart,

“ My bosom bleeds,—we now must part.—

“ Far from thy Tadmor thou must be,

“ And he for ever lost to thee.”

He paus'd—heart-rending thoughts o'erborne

His feelings,—and he could no more,

But gazing mutely round on all,

Turn'd—sigh'd—and left the Tower hall.

Some feelings haunt the mouldering heart,

Though life itself is fast decaying;

In joy, or grief, they never part,

Still smiling bright, and still betraying.

Oh! is it this that Sara feels,

Although her heart is madly breaking:

That o'er her now in silence steals,

And calms her bosom's deadly aching?

Too sure some secret heav'nly power

Upholds her now — when love is shaded,

And soothes her spirit in this hour

When all her hopes of bliss are faded.

Love, hope, and joy, and fancy's glow

Quench'd in the chill of desolation,

Still her young heart though faint and low,

Thrill'd to her feelings' agitation.

A Parent saved, though dark, severe,

The pangs of filial love are over,

And hope is smiling through each tear

That falls for her unhappy Lover.

The early blush of dawning day

Had scarcely ting'd yon mountains grey,

When Tadmor's gallant Warriors gave

Their bounding barks to Oman's wave.

They saw their Chief the night before

Steer his light bark from Persia's shore,

And anxiously all night they stood  
Gazing upon the Green Sea flood,  
But all in vain they watch, and stand,  
His bark returned not to land.  
By various doubts and fears opprest,  
They could not calm their thoughts to rest,  
And e'en before the morning's smile  
Could guide them to this lonely Isle,  
They launch'd their boats on Oman's sea,  
Resolved their gallant Chief to free  
Before the close of morning's hour,  
If in the cruel Arab's power.

Thus led by fate, they boldly breast  
The rocky path, with vengeance warm,  
Whilst all above in safety rest  
Unconscious of th' approaching storm.  
But what a deep, terrific shock  
Fell on each heart, as lone they stand,



When low upon the naked rock

They find their Chieftain's broken brand!

Then desperate was the horror cry

That o'er the sea-beach wildly rung,

"We'll free our noble Chief, or die."—

And to th' unguarded walls they sprung;

And quickly gain'd the inner yard,

Where calmly slept the Arab guard,

And rushing onward furiously

Soon set their gallant Chieftain free,

The day was almost spent, before

Had ceas'd that tumult's madd'ning roar,

And now all's calm and still again;

Bel Hazor and his Arab men

Are waiting 'till the morning's spring

The promis'd Tartar boats shall bring,

To bear them over Oman's Sea,

To the sweet shore of Araby.

And Sara wrapt in sorrow deep  
Sits in her lonely bower to weep;  
While Tadmor still with cares opprest  
Flings on a couch his limbs to rest;  
But vain the effort to restrain  
The fever of his troubled brain;  
There images of horror come,  
Like spectres flitting o'er the tomb  
Of some forgotten passenger,  
Whose bones lie dark and mould'ring there.  
His guards are pacing round the walls,  
Watching the moon-beam as it falls  
On the calm sea-wave beauteously;  
While not a sigh from sea or shore  
Is breathing one dark murmur o'er  
This lovely Isle of Oman's Sea.

## The Maid of Araby.



On the Green Sea wave the sun-beams lie,  
And brilliant and bright each beam appears,  
Like the first love glance of the youthful eye.  
Ere dimm'd by the stain of sorrow's tears.  
The beauteous clouds, like the Isles of gold  
That hang o'er the vales of Peristan,<sup>1</sup>  
Their sun-bright forms to the eye unfold  
As they float o'er the bowers of Suristan.<sup>2</sup>  
The young gazelles from their leafy beds  
Are bounding wild down the mountains' side,  
Or darting o'er th' enamell'd meads  
To cool their feet in the Summer tide;  
While the morning breezes light and free,  
From the flow'rs that bloom on the banks of Hir,<sup>3</sup>  
Are wafting across the sun-bright sea  
The fragrant sweets from the Land of Myrrh.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Provinces of Persia.

<sup>2</sup> Hir, a river in Persia.

<sup>3</sup> Saba.

The dark war-clouds that so lately hung  
Over Persia's land—are fled afar,  
And Peace her pinions wide has flung  
From the Caspian Sea to Candahar.<sup>1</sup>  
Oh! sweet are the sounds at morning's hour  
That fall on the ear in that lovely land,  
And sweet are the songs from each rosy bower,  
And precious the thoughts those sounds command.  
Soon as the dawn of morning's planet  
Has burst on the lily's golden flowers,  
The Bulbul leaves the tall pomegranate  
To sing in his own sweet rosy bowers.  
While the beautiful Sultanas wing  
Their airy course from tree to tree,  
Now from the tamarinds they spring  
To beds of sweet anemone;  
Where the jasmine beautifully entwines  
Its wreaths around th' acacia bowers,

<sup>1</sup> A Province and City of Persia on the river Hir.

And there the Cāmalatá shines,

All lovely with its rosy flowers.

Bright are the gems on the Green Sea shore,

And brilliant they shine in the morning's ray,

When the Summer sun-beam's shining o'er

Its waters, rich in the blaze of day.

And sweet are the fragrant zephyrs then

That fan the air by land and sea,

As they breathe o'er the vales of Sigistan<sup>2</sup>

Their hoards of sweets from Araby.

Yet brighter far are the sparkling eyes

That shine in Persia's land of love,

And sweeter far are the balmy sighs

That waft their prayers to Heav'n above.

Their lovely tresses dark and bright,

Shine like the raven's glossy wing,

Their guiltless hearts as free and light,

And careless as the rose of spring.

<sup>2</sup> A Province and City of Persia on the Hindmend.

Oh! happy land! where mutual bliss

Entwines each heart in lasting ties,

And all the links of happiness

Unite in one that never dies,

Diffusing sweets, the western breeze

Sighs softly through the Amra trees

That line yon lonely Islet's side;

And roving over beds of roses,

Where still the morning dew reposes,

Sweeps lightly o'er the summer tide.

The morning beam rose fair and sheen

On hill and vale, and wooded green;

And many a heart with hope elate,

Superior to the frowns of fate,

Ecstatic throbb'd with livelier thrill,

As rose that beam on dale and hill;

Yet there are hearts ev'n at that hour

That oft confess'd its magic power,

And joy'd its beauties to behold;  
Yet now so motionless and cold,  
So shrouded in their souls' despair,  
They cannot find a pleasure there.

Scarce dawn'd the morning beam, when rose  
The Tartar Chieftain from repose,  
With hurried-step and fever'd eye  
He pac'd the rock-path wistfully,  
And anxious gaz'd upon the Sea  
And the white shores of Araby,  
To which his Sara soon must go  
And leave him hears'd in ceaseless woe.  
Oh! lasting grief,—when fate hath left  
The heart of ev'ry hope bereft,  
When on the waste of memory  
No verdant spot is seen to lie,  
No sunny beam the breast to cheer  
Or chase reflection's sadd'ning tear;

Lorn as the flower that's seen to wave

At night, o'er some forgotten grave!

But hark! what wild melodious lay

Now strikes upon his startled ear,

In melting sounds it dies away

Yet echo softly brings it near?—

Oh! such a strain, as oft at night

Is wafted on the silent air,

From some inhabitant of light

Breathing its heavenly music there!

Such was the soul-entrancing strain

That from yon casement breath'd again;

Awhile its lingering sounds delay'd

Enamour'd of the calm they made,

'Till all at once they ceas'd, and then

A voice prolong'd the heav'nly strain;

In words that wild, yet sweetly rung,

'Twas thus the Seraph minstrel sung.



## Song.

Thee had I never seen

Or never parted,

Then had I never been

Thus broken-hearted,

Time may obliterate,

Sorrows may seyer,

But the deep stroke of fate

Lingers for ever.

Still Love! I fain would be

To thee the nearest,

Never to part from thee.

Bravest and dearest!

But the dark voice of fate

Bids us to sever,

Never again to meet,

Never, Oh! never.

Far, far from thy bosom

I'll shortly be borne,

Like the Nilica's blossom .

In absence to mourn;

The heart that adores thee

Is cold and for ever,

The hope that restores thee

Wither'd for ever.

Oh! Love, when some fond one

With joy shall caress thee,

Think, think of the lost one

Whose spirit shall bless thee;

E'en still will she cherish

Thine image for ever,

'Till life itself perish

Ever, oh! ever.

Farewell to the minute

Of bliss I've had of thee,

Though rapture was in it

It smil'd but to mock me;

Farewell to thy fond heart,

Farewell and for ever,

Yet will we meet—and part

Never, oh! never.

There is a spell in music's tone

Congenial to itself alone,

That twines its magic wreath around

The heart that listens to its sound.

When through the dreary waste of life

We toil through sorrow, care, and strife,

One sweep of heav'nly music's thrill

Bids the wild storms of life be still,

And calms with most enchanting skill

The wayward passions at its will;

For oh! there's not an earthly pain,  
That is not sooth'd by music's strain,  
And in each calmer brighter scene,  
Ere life's contentions intervene,  
When all beneath, around, above,  
Breathes the soft harmony of love,  
And joy is dancing in each beam  
That sparkles on the chequer'd stream,  
Oh! then one thrill from music's lyre  
Kindles new transports of desire,  
And raises the enraptur'd Spirit  
To all the joys 'twould fain inherit!

Such was the magic of that lay  
That stole on Tadmor's heart the while,  
Chasing each darker thought away,  
And brightening, (like the sunny smile  
That Autumn sheds on mountain snow,)  
His bosom's dreary waste of woe.

Awhile he stood, enwrapt, amaz'd,  
And on the casement fondly gaz'd,  
List'ning would she—it must be she,  
Again renew her minstrelsy,  
Happy to gain a glimpse of her,  
His spirit's earthly worshipper.  
But no, she's gone—she could not dare  
To meet his hopeless eyebeam there,  
Enough—they were for ever parted,  
For ever wretched—brokenhearted,  
Then why renew since lost for ever  
Hopes that can blossom—never—never?—

“ It is the last—the last time e'er  
“ That voice—that music I shall hear.”—  
'Twas a heart-rending thought,—and he  
That loved so fond—so doatingly,  
Felt but too well the sick'ning blast  
That on his aching heart it cast.

Awhile he stood,—and mournfully  
Gaz'd on the sea bird wild and free,  
Flitting across the sunbright sea  
Far to the shores of Araby.  
And as he gaz'd with fever'd eye  
On the calm wave and azure sky,  
He felt there was a time, when he  
With care untroubl'd heart could view  
That summer Heav'n's delicious blue,  
Ere love had dar'd to interpose,  
Changing his joys to lasting woes.  
He could no more the thought abide,  
But turning from the peaceful tide  
Rush'd wildly down the rude rock side,  
Far, far from all his griefs to hide.  
But see, the blush of dawning day  
Is yielding to its brighter ray;

And streams of radiance still more bright  
Illume each vale and mountain height.  
The summer Heav'n's delightful hue  
Is pictured in the waters blue,  
Whose waves amid the stillness roar  
With ceaseless echo on the shore;  
Whilst on its breast the west-wind lies,  
And breathes its soft ambrosial sighs,  
Perfum'd with sweets from orange flowers,  
And frankincense from Saba's bowers;—  
So still the air—the wild bird's shriek  
Too rudely seem'd the calm to break,  
As o'er the beach he lightly sped,  
And to the gale his pinions spread.  
'Twas all tranquillity around  
And not a breath, and not a sound  
Of warfare rude or toil severe  
Disturb'd the silent list'ner's ear.

The Arab Chief has ris'n from rest  
Still with perplexing thoughts opprest;  
While from her sleepless couch, his child  
All beauteous, amiable, and mild,  
Had started at the dawning hour,  
And in her own deserted bower  
Sat, gazing on the Green-sea wave;  
How happy! had it prov'd her grave  
When first from her beloved shore  
Her cruel Sire had brought her o'er,  
And flung upon her innocent heart  
Eternal anguish, grief, and shame,  
Stains, that through life will ne'er depart,  
But still for ever brand his name.

But see, afar! what flags are these  
That gaily flutter in the breeze?—  
What barks that with such furious haste  
Are bounding o'er the watery waste,



And guided by the morning's smile  
Steer full upon the lonely Isle?—  
Not these the barks from Persia's shore  
To bear the Arab Warriors o'er,  
Which Tadmor bade should ready be  
To waft them hence to Araby;  
Oh! no,—those blood-red flags I ween,  
That yet afar, are plainly seen,  
Waving like flowrets o'er a tomb,  
Proclaim too well from whence they come.

Arm, Tartars, arm,—the foe is near,  
Gird on the sword, and seize the spear,  
Now toss aloft your banners brave,  
The foe is coming o'er the wave;  
Never hath fierce Arabia sent  
So terrible an armament,  
As now, with desperate speed the while  
Is bearing on your lonely Isle.

Wide o'er the Green Sea wave they spread  
Their blazing banners bloody red,  
And favour'd both by wind and tide  
Soon reach the lonely Islet's side;  
Scarce half a league from that lone tower  
Where lay the Tartar Warrior's power,  
They land, and on the Islet crags  
Fling loose their eagle crested flags.  
In order wild, a countless throng,  
They line the Islet shore along;  
Their turbans dancing in the beam  
Like foam upon the Ocean stream;  
Their banners floating in the wind,  
Their steeds light bounding from behind;  
Their scimitars engraven o'er  
With holy texts,<sup>1</sup> and human gore,  
They brandish high in air, to show  
How much they long to meet the foe.

<sup>1</sup> It was usual with the Arabs to have some verse from the Koran inscribed on the blades of their scimitars.

What uproar's now in yonder tower?  
It issues from the Tartar power;  
Now from its walls they rush amain  
And muster on the open plain;  
Though lone and few, a braver band  
Ne'er hurl'd a spear, nor grasp'd a brand;  
A gleam of more than mortal fire  
Seem'd dancing in each Warrior's eye,  
Forward they sprung with looks of ire  
To meet the foe approaching nigh.  
Wild in the morning's dazzling light  
Their waving plumes shone fair and bright  
Above their turbans' snowy hue,  
And flaunted gaily as they flew.  
But where was he—whose banner cry  
So oft was wont on battle plain,  
To lead them on to victory,  
Through seas of blood, and piles of slain?

The rapid lightning of whose eye  
To ev'ry foe was destiny,  
The foremost in the battle's tide,  
Dispensing death on ev'ry side.

In vain they cast their anxious eyes

On all around, he stands not there,  
And sorrow mingled with surprise  
Is lurking in their lurid stare.

Between them and the Arab foe  
There lay a deep ravine below,  
Through which, so narrow was the glen  
That fifty chosen warrior men  
Could guard the passage 'gainst a host,  
And make invaders rue their boast,  
Thither the Tartar warriors speed,  
Nor in their eager fury heed  
The Arab Chieftain and his power  
Still prisoners in the lonely tower.

Like bloodhounds searching for their prey  
They rush along the rocky way,  
And reach the entrance of the glen,  
Where must'ring all their gallant men  
In fearless confidence they stand  
To guard their homes and native land.

A shout across the valley rung,  
Another still more dread,—and then  
Bursting with fury through the glen,  
Like Tigers from their thickets sprung,  
Wild pealing that terrific yell,  
That horrid banner cry of Hell  
Which cursed spirits know so well,  
Right onward did Arabia come;—  
Then was the strife of war,—the first  
That through the narrow valley burst,  
And hoped to gain th' opposing side,  
Beneath the Tartar deathstrokes died  
And met an early tomb!

Wild was the uproar reign'd around,  
Dread carnage strew'd the crimson ground,  
And horror dwelt in ev'ry sound;  
While fury lighten'd in each eye,  
And madness rang in ev'ry cry  
Of "Vengeance"—"Iran"—"Victory,"  
That burst from all around.

On either side nought to be seen  
But countless turbans on the green,  
Dead wretches weltering in their gore  
That ne'er shall stand in battle more;  
And some, who staggering 'mid the brawl  
Drag others with them in their fall,  
And tumbling in their hour of pride  
Fall down the precipice's side.  
Long dubious was th' eventful strife  
On either part, for death or life  
Lay struggling on the dreadful cast,

When from the Tartar warriors' side

A bugle rung, whose thrilling blast

Like lightning o'er the Summer tide

Burst on each heart, and far and wide

A shout of joyful welcome rung

From yonder band upon the height,

When rushing bold in valor's might,

Beaming in freedom's glorious light,

Young Tadmor forward sprung,—

And waving high his battle blade

“ On, on to Victory”—he said,

“ Remember warriors, that we fight

“ For God, for Iran, and our right,—

“ Now Heav'n protect the just,”—and then

With certainty of conquest flush'd,

Full on the terror-struck foe he rush'd,

And followed by his Tartar men

Soon swept the recreants through the glen.—

Across the desolate valley wide  
In torrents flowed the crimson tide,  
While shrieks and cries terrific, fell  
From all around, more horrible  
Than ever burst on mortal ear,  
As some in moanings lone and drear  
Bewail their sad and hapless state,  
And yield their spirits up to fate;  
Whilst others with convulsive cry  
Brandish their swords before they die,  
And gasping with resentful ire,  
'Mid shrieks and imprecations dire,  
And groans and curses dread—expire.  
  
Still foremost in the van of battle  
'Mid swords that clash, and arms that rattle,  
The gallant Tartar warrior shone;  
Afar the noble Chief was known



By height superior to the rest,  
His belt of gold, his yellow vest,  
And waving of his heron crest.<sup>1</sup>  
But oh! the lightning of that eye  
That flash'd around so awfully,  
Like fiery meteors from on high  
Struck terrors into ev'ry breast.  
No longer able to withstand  
The prowess of that warrior's hand,  
The Arabs in confusion fly;  
Then desperate was the slaughter dread,  
On ev'ry side lay piles of dead,  
While many 'neath the victors' tread  
Trampled to atoms lie.—  
Then was the hour of victory  
To Tadmor, and to Liberty,  
When suddenly a fearful shout  
Of most portentous birth, throughout

1 "The Chiefs of the Uzbek Tartars wear a plume of white heron's feathers in their turbans."

*See Account of Independent Tartary.*

The ranks of flying Arabs burst;  
'Twas answer'd by another cry,  
More desperate than that yell accurst  
That echoed to the vaulted sky,  
And struck ev'n Seraphs' hearts with dread,  
When all Hell's denizens took flight  
With haughty Eblis<sup>1</sup> at their head,  
And borne upon the whirlwind's blast  
Their flaming firebrands upwards cast  
At Heav'n's imperial height.

'Twas from the brow of yonder hill  
Echoed that battle cry so shrill,  
And rushing down its rugged side  
Like Ægypt's lunar mountain tide,<sup>2</sup>  
A band of furious Arabs came  
Breathing dire vengeance round,—the same  
That late in yonder lonely tower  
Lay captives to the Tartar's power;

<sup>1</sup> Lucifer, so called in the East.

<sup>2</sup> The montes lunæ of antiquity,  
at the foot of which the Nile is supposed to arise.

And at their head with sword uprais'd,  
And eye where rage and malice blaz'd  
Bel Hazor came;—"Now for the pride  
"Of the' Arab name"—Bel Hazor cried;  
"Now warriors, prove the crimson tide  
"That warms your veins with ardent swell  
"Is drawn from Heav'n born Ishmael.<sup>1</sup>  
"Death to the wretch that fails to rear  
"At that high name his ready spear;  
"Curse on the coward heart would shrink  
"From danger now, on victory's brink,  
"And may his bosom never know  
"A minute's pause from shame and woe."—  
He shouted,—and th' echoing skies  
Echoed again their wilder cries.

In listless trance the Tartars stood  
Breathless and faint from loss of blood,

<sup>1</sup> Ishmael, the Son of Abraham is known among the Arabs as the man from whom they sprung, and circumcision has remained among them, as the mark of their origin.

Like frozen statues ev'ry one  
Except their gallant Chief alone.  
Undaunted still—though ev'ry breath  
That fann'd his brow, was fill'd with death;  
Though on the crimson battle plain  
The bravest of his friends lay slain,  
And of the few that still stood nigh  
Despair seem'd lingering in each eye,  
Yet did his towering spirit rise  
High buoyant still,—and from his eyes  
Where manly resolution shone,  
Flash'd the bright fire of ages gone.  
With brow unchanged—and steady eye  
He gaz'd a moment silently  
On the lone remnant of that band  
That lately bow'd to his command;  
Then flung his lightning glance of pride  
Along the gloomy valley's side;

“ Brave hearts”—he cried—“ one way remains  
“ To free us from oppression’s chains,  
“ And make yon haughty chieftain know  
“ He wars not with a feeble foe;  
“ Twice have our swords redeem’d our land  
“ From that dark Arab’s dread command,  
“ And shall we tamely yield it now  
“ To gild a hoary Tyrant’s brow?  
“ No,—whilst a spark of life remains  
“ To warm the red tide in my veins,  
“ Whilst this worn arm can wield a brand  
“ I’ll raise it for my native land;  
“ And if we fall—we fall with pride  
“ In the full depth of honor’s tide,  
“ And future warriors shall come  
“ And gaze upon our honor’d tomb,  
“ And many a bard in after days  
“ To us shall consecrate his lays,  
“ And pointing to this gory dell  
“ Tell how the Tartar warriors fell;—

“ Now my brave friends, upon the foe,

“ Let death attend on ev’ry blow,

“ And glorious will hereafter be

“ And crown’d with bliss, the destiny

“ Of him, that falls for Liberty!”

Loud answer’d their renew’d acclaim

Re-echoing their leader’s name,

Each brandishing his shining brand

Rush’d forward at his Chief’s command;

Then fell destruction rag’d again

Dire slaughter strew’d the battle plain,

And desolation ’mid the scene

Stalk’d wildly o’er the crimson green.

But darker flow’d the tide of war

From Tadmor’s shining scimitar,

Whose glitt’ring blade in slaughter dy’d

Dealt death and pain on every side;—

Still foremost in the battle's van  
The Leader of his valiant clan,  
While countless turbans round him fall  
He shone—the leading star of all.

But vain was valor—vain he strove  
To stem the torrent from above,  
That pour'd with such resistless sway  
Down that deep valley's desolate way,  
Sweeping before it through the glen  
The remnant of his valiant men.  
From front from rear they fiercely pour'd

In countless hordes, and though they bleed  
Beneath the Tartars' vengeful sword,  
Still hundreds,—thousands more succeed,—  
And circling round the Tartar Chief  
Prevent all prospect of relief.

He gaz'd around with madden'd eye  
But hope no longer linger'd nigh,  
Of all his gallant Chiefs not one  
Was near him now,—he stood alone,—  
Contending in the deathful strife  
Each nobly offer'd up his life  
At freedom's shrine,—and bravely died  
Close by his valiant Chieftain's side.

The Arabs gaz'd with awe and dread  
On the young Chief in valor's might,  
O'er whom the setting sunbeams shed  
A stream of radiance, far more bright  
Than ever gladden'd mortal sight,  
As Heav'n upon his latest toil  
Would fling its heart-approving smile.  
One lingering look he upwards cast,  
One last, long look upon the past,



'Till she who was for ever nigh

Rush'd on his aching memory,

Recalling thoughts now past away

Like sunshine on a stormy day,

"Sara, farewell!"—he wildly said,

"Now, now our breaking hearts must sever,

"The last lone pulse of hope is dead,

"'Tis past—'tis o'er—thus then for ever—"

And rushing through the Arab bands

His darkening way awhile he fought,

'Till from a thousand coward hands

He met the death he bravely sought;

And bending 'neath unnumber'd blows

He sunk at once in endless night,

While his freed spirit buoyant rose

To realms of everlasting light;

Where sorrow, anguish, care or pain

Shall never wound his heart again!

The night has fall'n on dale and hill,  
 And all is lonely, drear and still;  
 The shout of triumph, and the roar  
 Of battle, now are heard no more;  
 Through that lone glen the western breeze  
 Scarce stirs the slumb'ring aspen trees,  
 That seem their sweetest tears to shed  
 In memory to the honor'd dead.  
 The Nightingale that lov'd to pour  
 His song of love in yonder glen,  
 Since that sad hour was heard no more  
 Breathing his heav'nly strains again;  
 To happier climes he fled afar  
 From noise, from tumult, and from war,  
 The Arab Chieftain and his men  
 Have left the desolated glen,  
 And darkly clos'd the shades of night  
 On the pale gleams of fading light,

The close of that disastrous day,  
As back they wend their dark'ning way.  
To the lone tower their course they steer  
Since there a pledge their Chief had left,  
Still to his hard, hard bosom dear,  
Though of each brighter feeling reft.  
And as his eye with pleasure beam'd  
On the dread scene his hand had trac'd,  
To other eyes than theirs—he seem'd  
Like the wild Demon of the waste,  
Steering his devastating course  
Untam'd by sorrow or remorse.  
Throughout that desolate valley wide  
Lone silence reign'd on ev'ry side;  
It seem'd as though the hand of death  
Had fall'n upon each living thing,  
And not a sound, and not a breath,  
Through that lone glen was murmuring!

No song to soothe the slumberer's rest,  
No flower to bloom upon his breast,  
No tear to dew his clay-cold cheek,  
No sigh the dreary gloom to break,  
No balm to scent the slumb'ring air,  
And all was desolation there.

But brighter tears will soon be giv'n

Than ever fall from human eyes,

The tears of weeping Saints in Heav'n

On Freedom's glorious sacrifice.

And brighter beams shall cheer his dream,

And holier sighs his slumbers fan,

And sweeter shall such incense seem

Than aught was ever breath'd by man:

And see, the beauteous orb of night

Is rising brightly in the East,

Flinging its silver beams of light

On the lone Warrior's pulseless breast,

And many a diamond tear begems

His pallid brow as lone he lies,

Bright as the sparkling diadems

That grace the Seraphs of the skies.

But see that form,—light, free, and fair,

Like some inhabitant of air

Light bounding o'er the redgrass there!

Mark, how she steals along the green

With hurried step,—disorder'd mien;—

Her raven hair, long, glossy, bright,

Floating dishevell'd in the light!—

Her wild eye glancing darkly round,

Now pausing, bent upon the ground—

Now sternly fix'd on vacancy,

Now turn'd upon the moonlit sky,

As if she mark'd some object there

That sooth'd her bosom's fell despair!

No, Sara! no,—there's nothing now  
Can calm thy heart, or cool thy brow;  
No earthly power can now restrain  
The raging fever of thy brain,  
Or bring thy long lost peace again.  
How happy was thy morn of life!  
How free from sorrow, care or strife!  
When o'er the meads belov'd so well,  
Thou'st sported with thy dear gazelle,  
And joy'd to see its soft black eye  
Still turn'd on thine so tenderly;  
While round its brow a band thou'st wreath'd  
Of flowers on which the moon had breath'd;  
Then peaceful by some mountain stream  
Thou'st lain and slept thy happy dream;  
Or in thy lov'd acacia bowers  
Beguil'd with song the ling'ring hours,

While fancy hung in wonder mute  
On the sweet echoes of thy lute;  
And ev'ry life-pulse in thy breast  
The throb of happiness confest,  
And ev'ry thought that bless'd thy youth  
Was drawn from innocence and truth,  
While thy young heart light, pure, and free  
As the bright pearl in Oman's Sea,  
Felt not a wish beyond the care  
That bound thee in enchantment there,  
Where fancy deck'd with fairy finger  
The spots on which she lov'd to linger.  
  
How chang'd, alas! how alter'd now,  
How cold that heart,—how pale that brow!  
How sunk the lustre of those eyes  
That stole their glances on the heart,  
Soft, melting gleams, as summer skies  
Fling from their orbs before they part!

Cold, dark and senseless now she seems,  
Uncheer'd by Hope's or Fancy's beams;  
Unguided by Religion's light,  
And sear'd by sorrow's dead'ning blight;  
Yet in the flashes of her eye  
Though strange and wild, you might descry  
Somewhat of Heaven's holier light  
That burst upon her soul's dark night,  
And seem'd to tell, though lingering here,  
Her spirit sought another sphere.

All day she sat, and wept alone  
Her Tadmor's sorrows and her own;  
Nor heard she 'till the close of day  
The horrors of th' infuriate fray;  
But when she saw her Sire returning  
With pleasure in his glances burning,  
And heard those loud triumphant cries  
That echoed to the vaulted skies



From yon embattled field,—oh! then  
Conviction flash'd upon her brain;  
With madness raging in her eyes  
Across the lonely plain she flies  
And to the desolate valley hies,  
Where stream'd around on ev'ry side  
Dark currents of that crimson tide,  
Which freedom's sons had drawn and shed,  
Before their freeborn spirits fled.

Oh! there are hearts through grief, despair,  
That still live on untam'd by care;  
Hearts of such coarse unhallow'd mould,  
So dead, so senseless, and so cold,  
That ev'n the woes which others chill,  
But make them harder, sterner still.  
Alike to them affection's smile,  
Keen sorrow's pang, or pleasure's wile,

Alike to them the sweets of life,

Its joys, its sorrows, or its strife,

Like rocks upon the Green Sea shore

By wave and sunshine wafted o'er,

Alike immoveable they lie

Though each their sep'rate influence try.

But Sara! 'twas not thus with thee,

Thy heart could feel its misery,

As true it felt grief's icy chill

As late it throb'd with rapture's thrill,

{ And to a heart so soft, so pure,

'Twas more than ev'n it could endure!

By her lost Tadmor's side she stands,

With aching heart and lifted hands;

Her straining eye where madness burn'd

Now bent on him,—now upwards turn'd,

As if in that blue arch to spy

Some refuge from her misery.

No sigh escap'd her anguish'd breast,  
No tear her agony confest;  
Her burning brain—whose aching throb  
Was echoed by the wilder sob  
That burst convulsive from her heart,  
As with it, life itself would part;  
Her burning brain could scarce supply  
One tear to cool her fever'd eye.  
A few short minutes there she stood,  
Gaz'd on his face all 'smear'd with blood,  
Then with a shriek, terrific—shrill,  
That echoed round from dale and hill,  
“Tadmor!—I come—I come”—she cried,  
And pressing to his clay-cold side  
Like a pale flower, sunk to the earth—and died!—

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**HAMET THE ARAB,**

***A TALE.***

THE ARABIAN

THE ARABIAN

## Hamet the Arab.

“ J'ai nagé dans le sang; que le sang coule encore; ”

*La Henriade de Voltaire.*



The midnight moon illum'd the wave  
That roll'd o'er Hermon's lonely grave,  
And many a starbeam beautifully  
Was glancing on the dark blue sea,  
As Hamet's bark flew swiftly o'er  
The waters to Arabia's shore.  
It seem'd as though the peaceful light  
Had come to bless the cheerless night,  
To bid those ghastly spectres fly  
That haunt the woe-struck mourner's eye,  
And chase from hearts consum'd by care  
The hateful phantoms of despair.

But brighter far that light from Heav'n  
To guiltless bosoms only giv'n,  
That light, eternal and refin'd,  
That dwells within the vacant mind,  
That soothes the heart and calms the breast,  
And flings upon our hours of rest  
Such visions, as at first but seem  
The phantasms of a fairy dream.

Such bliss shall never Hamet know,  
His joy is past—his doom is woe;  
His breast by guilty passions riv'n,  
His thoughts to vengeance only giv'n,  
Alike unfit for Earth or Heav'n;  
His iron heart unus'd to feel  
Is sterner than the stubborn steel  
That's temper'd in the bloodstain'd brand  
He grasps within his murderous hand.  
No generous grief his bosom sears,  
No sorrow wrought by pity's tears,



The pangs that wring his guilty breast  
In vengeance only can have rest;  
The hectic flushes that I trace  
Dark flashing o'er his sallow face,  
Betray the workings of a mind  
To shame, and sin, and guilt resign'd.  
Unlike—oh! how unlike the heart  
Consum'd by sinless sorrow's dart,  
His breast's the residence of care,  
His woe is guilt—his hope despair.

“ 'Tis well,—he drinks the salt sea-wave,  
“ I would not give him ev'n a grave,  
“ Nor resting place however small  
“ To hold his hated corse withal;  
“ My vengeance would be poor indeed  
“ Unless I saw and felt him bleed,  
“ Unless I mark'd his glazing eye  
“ Grow dim with inward agony,

- “ And felt the deathdamp on that brow  
“ That frown’d so late on all below;  
“ I saw it all—the quiv’ring tongue  
“ On which th’ half utter’d accents hung,  
“ The eye-ball dim—the ghastly stare—  
“ The look—the visage of despair;  
“ His pallid cheek where late the blood  
“ Had roll’d its hot, impetuous flood,  
“ Convuls’d with painful agony  
“ Was more than joy,—’twas bliss to see  
“ Oh! how I fed upon the sight,  
“ How feasted even to delight!  
“ When gazing I beheld my foe  
“ The one on earth I hated—low,  
“ Gasping beneath my vengeful hand  
“ His life-blood quiv’ring on my brand.  
“ Yet Hermon, was it kind in me  
“ To set thy hated spirit free;

“ To roam through realms of bliss above

“ ’Mid scenes of happiness and love;

“ I should have kept thee still below

“ And taught thee by experience—woe;

“ No matter now—enough thou’rt gone

“ And I am left to rule alone,

“ O’er glory’s wave to guide the helm

“ Sole master of a conquer’d realm,

“ Now then revenge shall have its fill,

“ And mine is thirsting—even still.”—

The bark approach’d the silent shore

And Hamet bounded lightly o’er,

Like lightning sped across the strand

And join’d his own impatient band.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

How calm, how beautiful the hour,

When winds and waves have lost their power!

When over earth, and air, and sea,  
Reigns a profound tranquillity,  
And not a sigh disturbs the calm  
That breathes around its blissful balm;  
When o'er the peace-enamour'd tide  
The moon flings forth its radiance wide,  
'Till ev'n the warring wild-winds seem  
Lull'd by the splendors of its beam.  
Whilst waves that lately lash'd the shore  
Now roll their waters softly o'er,  
In gentle, undulating flow,  
As if they felt for human woe;  
Or that the spirit of the calm  
Had breath'd this sweet, ambrosial balm,  
To tell yon man of guilt and sin,  
There's peace without—though war within.  
All's still upon the land and wave,  
Calm as the slumber of the grave.

Calm as the mourner's aching breast

When all within is hush'd to rest.

Such was the scene—and such the hour  
When Hamet sought his Linda's bower,

The mountain echoes as he sped

Scarce answer'd to his hasty tread,

As wending down its rugged side

His native home at length he spied.

Oh! sweet's the sigh that swells the heart,

And bright the tear that loves to start,

When after toils and dangers past

We view our long-lov'd home at last.<sup>1</sup>

Sensations surely all must feel,

But Hamet's is a heart of steel,

Though banish'd long each fond regret

This tender feeling lingers yet,

1 O quid solutis est beatius curis!

Cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino  
Labore fessi venimus Larem ad nostrum,  
Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto.

To view the scenes where once he mov'd,  
To clasp the wife he fondly lov'd,  
And still to his dark bosom dear  
The boy he left behind him here;  
How sweet such dreams of happiness!  
But Hamet ne'er shall taste such bliss;  
No banner's flying on his wall,  
No warder gives the signal call,  
No joyful band with pride elate  
Are come to meet him at the gate,  
The echoes of his bugle horn  
Unanswer'd o'er the vale are borne.  
With beating heart, and wandering eye,  
He gazes round him silently,  
As o'er each lonely turret bright  
The moonbeams fling their trembling light,  
Revealing in each mouldering tower  
The ruins of his fallen power,

As if to tell 'mid all was fair  
That desolation had been there;—  
But on the surface of the deep  
In blest tranquillity they sleep,  
And on its peaceful bosom lie  
Like visions of futurity  
To youth's enthusiastic eye.

No voice replied to Hamet's call  
As lone he strode across the hall,  
No heart with unexpected bliss  
Was there to beat reply to his,  
No well known voice delights his ear  
With music—that was once so dear,  
Nor wife, nor child was there to greet  
His widow'd heart with welcome sweet.

“ Linda!”—th' half mutter'd accents fell  
In silence still more horrible,  
The owlet's terrifying scream  
As startled from its moody dream

It flapp'd its heavy wing around,  
Was all the answer Hamet found.  
That moment o'er his guilty head  
The moon her silver radiance shed,  
And starting as the sudden light  
Wide flashed upon his aching sight,  
What agonies his lifeblood freeze  
When gazing madly round—he sees  
Prostrate upon the crimson floor  
His Linda—weltering in her gore!  
And by their breathless mistress' side  
The faithful slaves that for her died,  
Each held a dagger in his grasp,  
And strain'd it with convulsive clasp.  
Wild was the shriek of fell despair  
That broke the awful stillness there,  
As Hamet by his Linda's side  
Yet reeking with the crimson tide  
That flow'd in streams around her, cried



“ My Linda!—Linda!”—but in vain,  
She ne’er shall hear that voice again,  
No, Hamet! no—the die is cast,  
Thy hopes are o’er—thy joys are past.

With clenched hands and bended knee,  
And eye that spoke his agony,  
Not looking to offended Heav’n,  
But on his Linda’s bosom riv’n,  
Lost Hamet lies—and in his face  
Such ghastly lineaments I trace  
As time I ween shall ne’er efface;  
Dark horror, madness and despair,  
With sin and guilt are lurking there,  
And in his eyes’ unhallow’d gleam  
That flashes on the moon’s pale beam  
Like lightning o’er a wintry stream,  
I read the movements of a soul  
Where woe and guilt alternate roll.

“ Merciless fiend!”—at length he cries,  
While fury sparkles in his eyes,  
“ No thought of rest shall Hamet know,  
“ No respite from his inward woe,  
“ ’Till on thy hated head he wreaks  
“ The vengeance that his bosom seeks  
“ For this lost innocent—and here  
“ With hand upon her corse I swear,  
“ By the pure blood that warm’d that breast;  
“ Never to taste a minute’s rest,  
“ Never to know a pause from care  
“ ’Till from thy murderous heart I tear  
“ The last life-pulse that lingers there;  
“ Blest Alla! grant me this, before  
“ I die—and Hamet asks no more”—

With curses that the heart would freeze  
Fall’n Hamet on his bended knees,

With heart and soul to vengeance giv'n  
Invokes the aid of angry Heav'n;  
Dark flash'd his glaring eye the while  
As fixed upon the placid smile  
That play'd upon his Linda's lips,  
From whence the frozen life-blood drips,—  
Though pale, and cold and lifeless now,  
Death's icy chill upon her brow,  
And clos'd, for ever clos'd those eyes  
That held each heart in fond surprise,  
And lost the music of that breath,  
Still seems she beautiful in death,  
And fancy fain would think she slept,  
But then—stern Hamet ne'er had wept,—  
And Hamet wept!—he did not weep  
When late across the rolling deep  
Unmov'd by pity or remorse,  
He dragg'd his lifeless rival's corse

Yet reeking from its earthly grave  
And plung'd it in the foaming wave,  
To seek amid the stormy sea  
Refuge from man's malignity.  
No tear shed haughty Hamet then,  
But Hamet ne'er shall weep again;  
The only drop he ever shed  
Was pour'd upon his Linda's head.  
"My murder'd Wife!"—'twas all he cried  
And dash'd the recreant tear aside,  
But started, as a fearful shout  
Loud echoed from the vale without  
Burst on his ear,—instant the brand  
Is flaming in his blood-red hand;  
His glaring eye's wide flashing fire  
Betrays his yet unchill'd desire,  
And secret, unrelenting hate,  
As if he spurn'd the frowns of fate,

As if the dangers he had past  
An amulet had round him cast,  
That bound him with a magic spell  
And render'd him invincible.  
Rous'd by the wellknown battle call  
He darted from the silent hall,  
And gazing down the vale beneath  
Beheld across the moonlit heath  
With sabres flashing in the light,  
An Arab band for battle dight  
Rushing with fury from the height.  
Hamet, beware—the hour is nigh  
That seals thy wayward destiny,  
No valiant band is near thee now  
To guard from foes thy frontless brow,  
No faithful hand—no ready arm  
To shield thee in the dread alarm,

But woe and death, and vengeful wrath,  
And infamy, are in thy path.

Who leads yon band of warriors brave  
That come like Ocean's stormy wave,  
Shouting across the moonlit glen,  
That echoes to their shouts again?—  
His features I have mark'd before  
In distant lands,—but then they bore  
The tokens of maturer age,  
And seem'd to boast its signet sage;—  
I err—they're but the semblance fair  
Of features I have seen elsewhere;  
Upon his youthful brow I read  
No trace of any warlike deed,  
Though by his eyebeam's dazzling fire  
I guess he burns with noble ire,  
And longs to prove 'mid war's alarm  
The prowess of his youthful arm.

Though all unknown his state and name,  
His mien a Chieftain's rank might claim,  
As rushing from the mountain's head  
His faithful Arab band he led.

Who meets him in the vale below ?  
'Tis Hamet by his scowling brow,  
Like rock upon the ocean strand  
Unmov'd—unaw'd, I see him stand  
With naked broadsword in his hand,  
His heart as firm—as fixed his eye,  
As if his valiant clan were nigh.  
As rush'd his clansmen by his side,  
Forth flew the youthful Chief, and cried  
“ Hold, warriors ! hold, to me belongs  
“ The right t'avenge a Parent's wrongs,  
“ And from yon traitor's heart to drain  
“ The best lifeblood that warms his vein,

“ Or spill the last that flows in mine,

“ Now vengeance, I am wholly thine !” —

And rushing on his steady foe,

First dash’d the turban from his brow,

And guided by the moon’s pale light,

That o’er the valley floated bright,

Cleft at a blow the vulture plume

That wav’d o’er Hamet’s brow of gloom.

Flash’d the red fire from Hamet’s eye

Dark lowering on his enemy —

Waving his broadsword to the sky

“ Perdition catch that arm !” — he cried,

And plung’d it in the warrior’s side,

Then backward drew it as he stood

Yet reeking with the crimson blood,

And holding high the streaming blade,

“ Linda ! thou art reveng’d !” — he said,



“ The hand that drew thy spotless gore

“ Shall never grasp a sabre more.”—

Down fell the youth—his closing eye

Fix’d on his foeman heavily,

And ere his ready band could fly

T’avenge their leader’s death or die,

“ My friends,” he sigh’d, a moment cease

“ And let Alnathan die in peace”—

“ Alnathan, ha !”—lost Hamet cried,

And shriek’d, ’till all the valleys wide

Echoed again from side to side,

“ Yes, traitor, yes,—Alnathan dies,

“ But from his blood shall vengeance rise,

“ And Hamet on thy guilty head

“ Revenge the dying and the dead.

“ But oh ! the anguish thus to die

“ Unknown—unmark’d by destiny,

“ Untitled in the lists of fame,  
“ No glorious deed to gild my name  
“ Or save me from the coward’s shame,  
“ Too weak to guard—too late to save  
“ A parent from a timeless grave,  
“ Lorn as the sod on which he lies  
“ The hapless son of Hamet dies!”—

No hand can trace the agony  
That writh’d in Hamet’s hollow eye,  
As dropping on his bended knee  
And letting fall the deathful brand,  
He grasp’d Alnathan’s dying hand,  
And ere his spotless soul had flown  
With look would melt a heart of stone  
Murmur’d aloud—“ my son—my son !”—

Alnathan op’d his glazing eye  
And grasp’d his hand convulsively,  
Then pointing to the moonlit sky

“ Father ! we part—be all forgiv’n—

“ Since not on earth—we’ll meet in Heav’n”—

A smile across his features past,

It was his brightest—and his last.

Dark as that everlasting bed

Where rests the weary wand’rer’s head,

Secure from wind, and storm and show’r,

Was Hamet’s soul in that dread hour,

His heart by pangs alternate riv’n

Ne’r cast a mercy glance to Heav’n,

That Heav’n that lends a willing ear

To each repentant sinner’s pray’r,

The saving mercy of whose plan

Is ne’er withheld from sinful man.

He spoke not, mov’d not,—but the trace

Of deadly horror pal’d his face,

And in his eyes’ convulsive roll

I view the anguish of his soul,

As gazing on his lifeless boy  
His early pride—his Linda's joy,  
Now cold and pulseless on the earth  
And sped by him who gave him birth ;—  
Hearts there may be such pangs can bear,  
But even *his* is broken there.  
The moon that late so sweetly shone  
Has set—its brightest beams are gone,  
Dark clouds obscure the peaceful light  
That late had cheer'd the joyless night,  
In gloomy masses swift they fly  
And shadow o'er the darken'd sky,  
Assuming now gigantic form,  
And all portends approaching storm ;—  
Where, where has haughty Hamet fled,  
He stands not with the silent dead?

\* \* \* \* \*

The storm is up—along the sky  
In vollied gleams the lightnings fly,  
Not transient beams that soon expire  
But sheeted wreaths of living fire,  
Now hissing on the dark blue wave  
That opens like a yawning grave,  
Now quiv'ring on the lofty rock  
That late had own'd the thunder's shock;  
Its streaming radiance gave to view  
The horrors of each scene anew.  
The blazing clouds like burnish'd gold  
Far to the west in masses roll'd,  
Reflecting on their sombre fold  
The bluefork'd lightning's vivid glare  
That play'd upon their surface there;  
And as the fiery flashes roll  
Thunder'd the Heaven's from pole to pole.

Wild, dark, and desperate was the roar  
Of winds and waves upon the shore,  
The raging billows mountains high  
Heav'd their broad bosoms to the sky,  
Then sudden sunk with sullen motion  
In the dark caverns of the ocean;  
As if the spirit of the deep  
Had waken'd from his peaceful sleep,  
And join'd the war-fiend's stormy power  
To rule the horrors of the hour.  
So dreadful was the mingled cry  
Of elements, from earth to sky,  
As if a thousand spirits there  
Let loose from Hell,—rode on the air,  
And flung upon the midnight blast  
Their screaming voices as they past.

Long rag'd the storm—the thunder's groan  
Mix'd with the wild wind's hollow moan

Fell on the ear, like boding cry  
Of some dread spirit from the sky  
To warn the sinner doom'd to die.  
Far, bright, along the dark sky dancing  
I mark'd the meteor flashes glancing,  
But not a starbeam lent its light  
To gild the horrors of the night,  
And not a single moon beam gave  
Its radiance to the stormy wave.  
The raven's shrieks were heard alone  
When ceas'd the thunder's hollow groan,  
And in its fateful pause for breath  
They sounded like the shrieks of death.  
The frighten'd sea bird scream'd afar  
And fled the elemental war.

Who stands upon yon naked rock  
And seems to brave the tempest's shock?—

His dreary, gaunt, and ruin'd form,  
Like th' angry spirit's of the storm,  
With heart as stranger to repose  
Seems brooding over inward woes.  
I mark'd him by the lightning's glare  
In sullen silence standing there,  
The lonely image of despair.  
Thus gloomy, dark, and stain'd with blood,  
The first unrighteous murderer stood,  
And gaz'd upon his brother's corse  
With heart unriven by remorse!

With folded arms and upcast eye  
He gaz'd upon the stormy sky,  
Nor seem'd to reck the tempest's rage  
That play'd upon his brow of age,  
But bar'd his bosom to the storm  
That roar'd around his lonely form.



His eye was sunk—his cheek was pale,  
His dark hair trembled in the gale,  
No turban on his head he wore  
No sabre in his hand he bore,—  
Alone—unarm'd, yet undismay'd,  
With hands across his bosom laid,  
Hears'd in his mental agony  
He stood in speechless misery,  
Nor spoke—save to the winds that bore  
His darksome words unheeded o'er,  
As desperate as the thoughts that rest  
Within that hopeless, peaceless breast;  
For peace with guilt can linger never  
And hope has fled—and fled for ever.

\* \* \* \* \*

The storm had ceas'd—the winds were hush'd,  
The dark sea-wave no longer rush'd,  
The wild bird's shrieks were heard no more  
Still was the thunder's sullen roar,

And Nature paus'd in silence dread  
Around the guilty sinner's head.  
The thunder clouds have pass'd away  
That veil'd the nightbeam's cheering ray,  
And left yon sky unclouded, bright,  
And studded with the orbs of night.  
No sound is heard o'er land or wave,  
And all is silent as the grave;  
Such stillness as at night is spread  
Around the mansions of the dead,  
When all are lull'd to rest, save those  
That darkly brood o'er guilty woes.  
Amid the calm—the western breeze  
That floated o'er the slumb'ring seas,  
Soft music wafted as it sigh'd  
That length'ning into distance—died,  
While thus a voice loud, deep and strong,  
In mournful cadence roll'd along.

O'er the bed of the brave

The night dews are weeping,

On the warrior's grave

The flowrets are sleeping,

Silently, lowly;—

'Mid the silence of night

The wild winds are sighing,

Whilst the moon sheds her light

On the hearts that are dying,

Solemnly, slowly.

Through the azure of Heav'n

No starbeam is glowing,

The light flashing levin

Its embers is throwing,

Brilliantly, brightly;—

O'er the grave of the dead

The ravens were shrieking,

But in horror they fled

When the dark storm was breaking,

Rapidly, lightly!

The heart that is sadden'd

Its sorrow may cherish,

The brain that is madden'd

Its life spring will perish,

Buried in slumber;—

Deep in the silent grave

Soon shall thy sorrows rest,

Then shall Oblivion's wave

Wash from thy anguish'd breast

Woes without number!

Hush'd were the sounds—and Hamet stood

Gazing upon the angry flood;

His sunken pulse—his lifeless eye

Betray his inward apathy,

The deadly venom of that blast

That o'er his fondest hopes had past,

That chill'd his age with woe and shame,

And crush'd the glories of his name.

No faithful friend is near him now  
To wipe the damp dew from his brow,  
His wild and wandering thoughts to calm  
Or soothe his heart with mercy's balm;  
Ah ! lone and cold in earth is she  
Was wont to bid his troubles flee,  
Whose angel smile had chas'd away  
The sorrows of his earlier day,  
Ere wild ambition far from home  
Had taught his wayward steps to roam ;  
And colder, darker still is he  
Whose death hath clos'd his misery,  
On whom his brightest hopes were plac'd,  
In whom a parent's fondness trac'd  
The future glories of a name  
Now stain'd with sin and guilt and shame.  
Oh ! better Hamet ! hadst thou died  
On Kerman's snowy mountain side,

Or found a cold but happy grave  
Beneath the Ocean's stormy wave,  
Than live to feel the deadly blast  
That o'er thy aching heart hath past,  
And frozen in its hottest flood  
The genial current of thy blood.  
Thy life was such—but see! he tears  
With gory hands his clotted hairs,  
And flings them to the silent air  
As witness of his soul's despair!  
Poor maniac! in thy frantic shriek  
I hear the voice of justice speak  
The awful mandates of that Heav'n  
To which thy thoughts were never giv'n.  
Peace, hope, and ev'ry blessing gone,  
I see thee stand—and stand alone,  
And in thy woe-worn brow I trace  
The last, sad remnant of thy race.

Dark, lone, yet awful still, he stood  
Like the last mountain in the flood,  
Rearing its tall, majestic form  
Amid the dark surrounding storm.  
Thus Hamet stood—his upturn'd eye  
In silence fix'd upon the sky,  
As if his broken spirit there  
Would seek a refuge from despair;  
Then sudden turning to the deep  
That rock'd beneath in eddying sweep,  
“ Hermon!—thou art reveng'd ”—he cried,  
And plung'd into the flashing tide,  
The dark wave floated to the bank  
As slowly in its breast he sank,  
Then rose a moment buoyant o'er  
The waters, and was seen no more!  
Thus Hamet died and with him fell  
The darksome tale he fear'd to tell.

Dark, dark, yet awful still, he stood

Like the last moment in the deed,

Rearing its tall, majestic form

Around the dark surrounding storm.

Thus Hamlet stood—his upward eye

In silence fixed upon the sky,

As if his broken spirit there

Found some a refuge from despair;

Then, sudden turning to the deep

He looked, as if to find some sleep

For his poor, weary, aching head.

He looked, as if to find some rest

For his poor, weary, aching breast.

He looked, as if to find some peace

For his poor, weary, aching soul.

He looked, as if to find some light

For his poor, weary, aching sight.

He looked, as if to find some love



## POEMS.

Non ; ce n'est ni par choix ni par raison d'aimer,  
Qu'en voyant ce qui plait on se laisse enflammer.  
D'un aveugle penchant le charme imperceptible  
Frappe, saisit, entraine, et rende un cœur sensible ;  
Et par un inscrutable et nécessaire loi,  
On se livre à l'amour sans qu'on sâche pourquoi.

*T. Corneille.*

1872

REPORT

of the  
Board of Directors  
of the  
Bank of the  
City of New York  
for the year  
ending  
December 31,  
1872.

## Poems.

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To—

—“ The friendships of the world are oft  
Confed’racies in vice, or leagues of pleasure;  
Ours has severest virtue for its basis,  
And such a friendship ends not but with life.

*Addison.*

---

Where trembling osiers waver in the tide  
By flowing Avon’s flower-enamell’d side,  
Friend of my soul! behold me calmly laid  
Beneath the shelter of an aspen’s shade,  
Whose branches quiver in the mountain gale  
That scatters odours through this lonely vale.  
The Sun in all its bright meridian glow  
Is glistening on the waves that glide below;  
And all the charms by nature kindly giv’n,  
And all the beauties of the summer Heav’n  
Reflected in that streamlet’s clear expanse,  
Bright as the beams that on its waters dance.

'Tis sweet, my friend! in this sequester'd dale  
Where no rude sorrows o'er the mind prevail,  
Where peace displays her silver beams of light  
And blissful visions soothe my dreams at night,  
'Tis sweet to think on joys for ever fled,  
And friends long number'd with the peaceful dead ;  
And as in memory's retrospective view  
Those scenes of joy or sorrow we renew,  
Sweet is the balm their consolation throws  
O'er all life's perils, vanities, and woes.—

How oft together we have fondly stray'd  
In secret bliss, through pleasure's flow'ry glade,  
Where Love first led us to his hallow'd bed  
And smil'd propitious on his votaries' head ;—  
Where Beauty lent her soul-bewitching smile  
Our cares to banish, and our griefs beguile ;—  
Where hope, and joy, and all love's tender ties,  
In heav'nly radiance met our wond'ring eyes.

Oh! what emotions fill'd my youthful breast,  
What fairy visions sooth'd my happy rest!

What ardent wishes, and what burning fires,

What thrilling pleasures and what wild desires!

When Beauty smil'd upon my burning heart.

What secret rapture did her smile impart!

Yes, Eva!—yes, to thee alone I owe

These thrilling ecstacies, this fervid glow;

My heart was joyless, comfortless and cold,

Though form'd by nature of the finest mould,

'Till first I saw that soul-enticing face,

That form endued with dignity and grace,

That form on which I oft have fondly hung

While sweetest accents issued from thy tongue.—

Oh! that this trembling tongue had leave to tell

Each wild emotion, and each turbid swell;

Each secret thrill that makes my life-blood warm,

That joys my heart while gazing on thy form!

Oh! that I might one moment at thy feet

Tell all my sorrows—all my love repeat,

And lost in raptures of ecstatic bliss

Pour all my soul in one entrancing kiss,

'Till life, and love and happiness be o'er,  
And this wild heart should beat with joy no more.  
And say, sweet Maid! when at thy feet I lie  
Wilt thou not breathe one unreluctant sigh?  
Oh! wilt thou not one pitying tear-drop shed  
O'er him whose heart shall soon be cold and dead?  
And when soft sorrows in thy bosom rise  
And the tears trickle from thy sparkling eyes,  
My heart though cold shall feel the balmy tear  
And bless the soul that wept upon my bier.

Farewell my friend!—I fain would tell thee all,  
But fate forbids past sorrows to recal;  
No ray of hope shall break my joyless dream  
'Till Beauty's sun shall wake me with its beam;  
No fairy visions haunt my couch at night  
'Till love shall crown me with its pure delight;  
Oh! then my heart shall yield to grief no more,  
But weep with joy—when all its sorrow's o'er.

To——

The Sun has set upon the verdant green,  
And ev'ning spreads her shadows o'er the scene;  
No sounds disturb these ever calm retreats  
Save when the night-bird sullenly repeats,  
—As o'er the silent vale she flits along—  
Her pensive, lonely, melancholy song.  
Light o'er th' unruffled stream the western breeze  
Sweeps sadly on, and sighs amid the trees;  
The dew is glistening on the woodbine bowers  
And wreaths of mist enclothe the vernal flowers;  
The bird of night has ceas'd her pensive thrill  
And all is solitary, calm, and still.

'Tis sweet, my Friend! to mark the close of day,  
And watch the setting Sun's last, ling'ring ray,  
To see the parting beams of golden light  
Yet faintly gleaming on the mountain's height;

And view the gloomy shades of ev'ning grey

Come darkly hovering o'er the fading ray;

And when each scene a pensive aspect wears

And ev'ry plant is crown'd with pearly tears,

'Tis sweet in some deserted grot to lie,

And weep the tear, and pour the secret sigh.

To me at least, it is an hour of joy,

For then my mind can think without alloy,

For then to peaceful meditation giv'n

I dream of bliss, and raise my hopes to Heav'n.

Think, fondly think on her, whose witching smile

Could all these sorrows, all these cares beguile;

Whose tuneful accents, like the Harp's wild thrill,

Raise the fond heart to ecstacy at will,

Whose endless beauties all my praise employ,

The source of all my sorrow—all my joy.

Oh! beautiful Eva!—could my burning heart

To thine one sentiment of love impart,

Fix in that breast where ev'ry virtue dwells

The ardent love that my fond bosom swells,



And when I mark'd the lov'd ideas rise  
Swell in thy breast and sparkle in thine eyes,  
A moment gaze upon thy kindling charms  
Then catch thee fainting in my longing arms,  
And feel thy heart, thy bosom, and thy brow,  
As tremulously beat as mine do now,  
'Till all our thoughts to dreams of pleasure fly  
And our souls issue in one ling'ring sigh.

Yes, lovely Maid!—while thought, while mem'ry keen  
Still hold their seats in this distracted brain,  
Whilst through this frame the crimson life blood flows  
And my warm heart with warmer rapture glows  
I'll think of thee,—of thee beloved Maid!  
'Till fleeting thought before Death's image fade,  
And even in my last expiring breath  
I'll mingle rapture with the pangs of death.

Friend of my heart! ere sorrows close my eyes  
And my wrapt soul to brighter realms shall rise,

Ah! haste and soothe me with thy tender care,  
Hush my sad sighs and lull me from despair;  
Here in this peaceful solitude we'll rove,  
Think on the past, and talk of endless love.  
Then haste my Friend! and quit those scenes of strife  
Those busy scenes of fashionable life,  
Where vice and folly ev'ry scene pervade  
And virtue flies affrighted to the shade,  
Where vulgar pleasures fill the vacant day  
And nightly revels meet the morning's ray.

There was a time, when my untroubled heart  
Could in these pleasures take a willing part,  
Could smile at joys as fleeting as the sun,  
And sigh for more when these were past and gone;  
But now alas! those fairy dreams are o'er  
Cold is my heart, it beats with joy no more,—  
My ev'ry hope—my ev'ry wish is fled—  
My prospects wither'd, and my feelings dead.

To Ev'ry one who's cold and dead

When fortune frown'd—and kindred fled,

And hatred dealt its meed of ill,

And all around were cold or dead,

Thy spirit linger'd near me still.

As flings yon planet bright and lone,

Its radiance o'er the stormy sea,

Thy saint-like spirit o'er me shone—

The light of my idolatry!

In that dread hour of woe and storm

Which hangs upon my mem'ry yet,

When wither'd ev'ry mental charm,

And life's last light had nearly set;

Thy pure and gentle spirit dwelt

In fond fidelity with mine,

And for each pang my bosom felt

A kindred feeling throb'd in thine.

Oh! blest for ever be the heart

Which once could shed a tear for me,  
 Though adverse fates have made us part,  
 I still in fondness think of thee!

E'en now when ev'ry joy is past,

And hope itself has lost its beam,  
 Thy lov'd remembrance still can cast

A ray to cheer my mental dream,  
 —

Whatever fate awaiteth me,—

Wherever chance may bid me rove,  
 The sweetest tear of memory

Shall fall for thee, my early love!  
 —

Farewell!—and when some other heart

Shall claim those vows which I can never,  
 Ah! think of him, whose mortal part

Shall then indeed, be cold for ever!  
 —

## ODE.

"C'est ainsi qu'elle fut"—

~~~~~

Rose! begemm'd with sparkling dew,  
 Rose! of rich luxuriant hue,  
 On thy soft and odorous head  
 Nature's brightest beams are shed;  
 Oft I've mark'd thee, sweetest flower!  
 Bath'd in morning's dewy shower,  
 Ere the wild bee broke thy slumbers  
 With its soft and tuneful numbers,  
 Or the zephyr's balmy breath  
 Call'd thee from thy transient death;  
 Whilst the sun's enlivening beam  
 Pour'd on thee its richest stream;  
 Then I mark'd thy leaves expand,  
 Thy odour scent the zephyrs bland,  
 Thy blossoms opening to the view,  
 Thy blushing buds surcharg'd with dew,

All thy vernal beauties glowing,

Sweetest incense round thee throwing!

But what means that languid hue?

Whence has fled the sparkling dew?

Where is now thy early bloom?

Where has fled thy sweet perfume?

Rose! why droops thy languid head,

Whither have thy beauties fled?—

Alas! the beams from yonder sun

Too fiercely on thy blossoms shone,

Beneath its noontide scorching ray

They sunk—in premature decay,

And like the insect, pall'd with treasures,

You died in sweet excess of pleasures!—

Of beauty's bloom the emblem meet,

Like her, how bright, how soft, how sweet!

Like love, how soon thy fragrance dies!

Like hope, how soon thy beauty flies!

Which leaving scarce a trace behind

Thus withers on misfortune's wind.

Child of sorrow, child of woes!

Come and see this faded rose,

Come and view the lovely flower

Wither'd in its proudest hour,

And while fancy calls anew

Hopes, that like this rose-bud grew,

Ev'ry thought with joy illuming,

Ev'ry sense with sweets perfuming;

Hopes that like this rosebud grew,

Hopes that like its odours flew,

Hopes and joys for ever gone,

Which fancy loves to dwell upon,

Which, when with'ring sorrow chases

Mem'ry still with fondness traces;—

Child of sorrow, child of woes!

Think on this poor wither'd rose,

Like thee it blush'd—like thee it blew—

Like thine its early blossoms grew,

Like thee it smil'd—like thee it sigh'd,

And oh! like thine—its promise died!

## SONG.

When upon the Ocean billow  
With the sea-wave for thy pillow,  
And the midnight moon-beam streaming  
On thy dark eye softly beaming,  
Think of early pleasures faded,  
Think of hopes by sorrow shaded,  
Think of her—whose spirit never,  
—Not in Death—from thine shall sever!

When in distant climes thou rovest,  
By the radiant star thou lovest,  
When no faithful heart is nigh thee,  
And the friends thou trustest—fly thee;  
Think of home and all its pleasures,  
Once the centre of thy treasures,  
Think of her thou leavest mourning  
Never to that home returning!



When the red wing'd lightning flashes,  
When the sea-wave rudely dashes,  
When the wild-winds rage around thee,  
When the tempest's glooms surround thee,  
Think of her whose spirit near thee  
Borne on Seraphs' wings shall cheer thee,  
Think of her—whose heart shall never  
Cease to love thee—never—never!

*To——*

Perchance in some succeeding day  
These lines may meet thine eye,  
When I am wandering far away  
Beneath a darker sky;  
Ah! may thy gentle spirit then  
In sadness dwell on mine,  
But never—never care or pain  
Disturb the calm of thine.

## STANZAS.

The hearts that beat with fond desire

Too soon alas! grow cold and dead,

As suns that glow with heav'nly fire

Soon sink in Ocean's chilling bed;

Yet hearts there are no fates can sever,

There is a light that shines for ever!

The heart that's lost in cold despair,

That feels not hope's enlivening ray,

Soon sinks beneath the weight of care

That sadden'd first its earlier day;

Then Death alone its fate can sever,

And banish all its woes for ever.

'Till reason cease her rays to fling

Across my wild, my fever'd brain,

This heart to thine will fondly cling

Where all my hopes of bliss remain;

And cease to love thee will it never

'Till Death shall sink its pulse for ever.

To——

Farewell—farewell, we meet no more,  
I fly thee—madden'd—broken hearted—  
Yet oft will mem'ry wander o'er  
The scenes where first we met and parted.  
Thy Husband—let the maddening thought  
Be buried in oblivion ever,  
That thus upon our hearts hath wrought—  
'Twas but delirium's fitful fever.  
In distant, happier climes we'll meet,  
Where earthly ties no hearts can sever—  
Oh! surely it will then be sweet  
To think on sorrows past for ever!

To EVA.

The pledge, dear Maid! thy fondness gave  
At parting—from this heart  
Shall never wander, 'till the grave  
Receives its colder part;  
And when my spirit soars above  
The reach of human care  
Thy sacred pledge of kindred love  
I'll treasure—even there!

## SONG.

Ah! why does the heart in its memory keep

The remembrance of days that are o'er?

And why does it ever in solitude weep

O'er those pleasures it ne'er can know more?

And why does the semblance of joys that are fled

Still cling round the desolate heart,

And still, like the rose-blossom, faded and dead, I

A lingering fragrance impart?

How sweet 'tis to think on the days that are past,

On the rainbow of joys that are fled,

Ere the dark clouds of sorrow its beauties o'ercast,

And the heart's keener feelings are dead.

Yet sweeter by far is the hope soon to rest

In that bed, where no sorrows can lie,

Where the soft dews of ev'ning shall weep o'er my breast,

And the nightwinds around me shall sigh.

*VITTORIA.*

1813.

The summer morn'g's early beam  
Shone brightly on Zadora's stream,  
But brighter flash'd the golden gleam.

On Britain's band of Warriors.

Full many a sword and helmet gay  
That glitter'd in the morn'g's ray,  
Ere ev'ning of that fatal day

Was dy'd in blood of enemies!

And many a form of manly mould,  
And many a heart in battle bold,  
Ere night lay breathless, dark, and cold,

Beneath the war clouds' canopy.

In ev'ry warrior's manly eye

Was seen the glance of bravery,

And loud was heard the thrilling cry

Of "Wellington and Victory!"

Dark roll'd the battle on the plain,

The British host rush'd on amain,

And dy'd their shining swords again,

In Gallic blood most valiantly.

The bugle's wild and piercing swell

Was heard amid the battle's yell,

But deeper, darker, louder fell,

The roaring of th' Artillery!

And as the cannon's thunders spoke,

And louder on the light wind broke,

The battle plain was wreath'd in smoke,

That floated dark and drearily!

The dying warrior's fading eye

Gleam'd faintly on his comrades nigh,

And like his first—his latest cry

Was, "Wellington and Victory!"

Long ere the ev'ning shades were spread,

The routed foe affrighted, fled

O'er heaps of wounded, piles of dead,

And left the British conquerors!

The battle's done—the combat's o'er,

Zadora's stream is dy'd with gore,

Its foaming billows lash the shore,

And roll along most rapidly.

Where now the night-dew softly weeps,

Full many a warrior lonely sleeps,

And still the night-wind sadly creeps

In many a hollow murmuring.

Yet oft the tear from sorrow's eye

Shall dew the grave bed where they lie,

And long shall burst the secret sigh

In tribute to their memory!

On this subject the Author's feelings might well be excused, in the above battle he lost a beloved Brother, who fell while leading to the charge the Light Company of the 28th Regiment. "*—Dis aliter visum.*"

To—

These tears of silent grief that start,

Recal thine image still to me;

Yet art thou dear to this sad heart,

Though thou, alas! art false to me;—

'Tis o'er—the pleasing prospect's o'er,

Yet was it sweet to think on thee,

But now my heart can hope no more,

Since thou, alas! art lost to me!

How happy was my morn of love,

When unrestrain'd I rang'd with thee,

But now my fondest wishes prove

The source of constant woe to me;

May'st thou be happy as thou'rt fair,

Nor feel the pangs that torture me,

May anguish, sorrow, and despair,

Be ever distant far from thee!—





Oh! did'st thou mark yon wave that foams and sparkles  
                                           in the beam,  
 That chequers with its silver light, the azure flowing  
                                           stream?  
 'Tis there I wish to lay my head—beneath that rolling  
                                           wave,  
 Where human sounds may never come to mock my lonely  
                                           grave.

Far, far, from man's deceitful eye in silence let me rest,  
 And sleep to all eternity the slumber of the blest;  
 There shrouded in oblivion's wave and dead to human  
                                           care,  
 Be mem'ry of my injur'd name for ever buried there.

The clouds of woe have shadow'd o'er the morning of  
                                           my days,  
 And sorrowchill'd each early hope—and wither'd fancy's  
                                           rays;  
 I've lost in life's impassion'd hour each gem that life  
                                           endears,  
 And tho' the eye may seem to smile—the heart is drown'd  
                                           in tears.

Like wither'd leaves that strew the ground in Autumn's  
                                           stormy night,  
 The hopes that bless'd my youth lie chill'd beneath  
                                           affliction's blight;  
 Thus lonely in my solitude I gaze upon the wave,  
 And fain would find within its breast—a sure but wel-  
                                           come grave!

*AMBITION.*

The bird that cleaves yon wide expanse

Upborne on tireless wing,

Ne'er casts to earth a backward glance

From whence he took his spring;

Still urging on his daring flight

O'er earth and ocean blue,

'Till lessening on the gazer's sight,

He quickly fades from view!

So steereth man his madd'ning flight

On wild ambition's wings,

Nor whilst he seeks the golden height

One glance behind him flings;

Still, still, his vent'rous course he steers

O'er earth's wide boundary,

'Till lost to view,—he disappears

In dark Eternity!

*To the memory of—*

Soft be the beams, lamented shade!

That play around thy bower of rest,

Thy memory can never fade

From this sad heart that lov'd thee best.

How oft I heave the secret sigh

While musing on thy hapless fate,

And tears of sorrow fill mine eye—

They cannot half my grief relate.

I saw thy young and tender heart

Each secret throb of passion prove,

And pant those feelings to impart

Of sacred, unrequited love!

I saw that heart consum'd by care

And wither'd in its early glow,

'Till anguish deep, and fell despair,

Had laid each warm emotion low.

The tear that sparkled in thine eye,

The grief that fill'd thy youthful breast,

The secret throb—the bursting sigh—

Are now for ever laid at rest.

The cold clay shrouds that lovely form

Which fill'd each heart with fond surprise,

And Death hath rifled ev'ry charm,

And clos'd those once expressive eyes.

Oft at the silent midnight hour

When all is wrapp'd in calm repose,

I steal unto thy fav'rite bower

To weep and sorrow o'er thy woes.

Not mine the pow'r those woes to heal,

Or bid thy sorrows flow no more,

I could but all thy anguish feel,

I could but pity—and deplore.

Soft be thy slumbers, lovely flower!

Soft as the falling dews of night,  
 And soon a more propitious hour  
 Shall call thee to a scene of light.

And when you reach yon starry throne

Where bliss eternal waits to crown thee,  
 Think on the friends you've left alone—  
 Think on the hearts that still shall own thee!

To—

When gazing on my silent name

In some succeeding year,

Ah! may its fond remembrance claim

The tribute of a tear;

And when reflection calls to view

The hearts that lov'd thee best,

Then may my name be mingled too,

In sadness with the rest.

## ON PARTING

The spell is broke—the dream is past,

And we must part love—part at last—

Oh! how that thought of agony

Strikes on the heart that worships thee!

The tear that trembles in thine eye

Like dew-drop from the ev'ning sky,

Can yield no hope to memory—

I dare not think 'twas shed for me.

I ask no pledge to soothe my heart,

No fond memorial ere we part—

This breast that aches so silently

Shall never breathe its griefs to thee!

But when from those lov'd scenes I fly

To dwell beneath a darker sky,

Say, wilt thou ever think of me,

When I am distant far from thee?—

*ELEGIAC LINES.*

I see the death-flower sweetly rise

Upon the green earth's grassy bed,

I feel the night-wind's hollow sigh

Steal o'er the mansions of the dead.

That manly form of brightest mould,

Those eyes that gleam'd with fond desire,

That form is faded now and cold,

And quench'd those orbs of liquid fire!

The heart that once beat high with love,

That thrill'd with fancy's secret glow,

The soul that lov'd to soar above,

Nor mix with those that liv'd below;

That heart is wither'd, cold, and dead,

Its youthful pulse has ceas'd to beat,

That soul to brighter realms has fled,

Its kindred spirits there to meet!

The tear that falls from beauty's eye

No more shall dew his faded brow,

The soft vibration of her sigh

Shall never—never reach him now!

How oft at eve I've seen him rove

Beneath the moonshine's silver gleam,

Lost victim of ungrateful love,

Thy joys are faded like its beam!

And oft I've mark'd the inward sigh

Burst wildly from his throbbing breast,

The tear of bitter agony

That strove—but would not be repress'd.

When laid upon the bed of death

I mark'd the smile that deck'd his face,

And thought some wandering spirit's breath

Had brought to life each wither'd grace!



Oh! hallow'd be the peaceful tomb

Wherein his relics are interr'd,

No sounds shall break the dreary gloom,

No murmurs o'er his grave be heard!

Yet oft the tear from friendship's eye

Shall dew the grave-flower o'er his head,

And still affection's latest sigh

Be breath'd upon his hallow'd bed.

*LINES.*

Have you not seen the summer day

Deform'd by unexpected showers?

Have you not seen the rosy spray

Despoil'd of all its blooming flowers?

Thus changeful hitherto has been

My solitary span of years,

Unbless'd by one unclouded scene,

A lonely waste of hopes and fears!

## SONG.

'Tis not the tear in secret shed

From faded eyes with sorrow streaming,

'Tis not the sigh for pleasures fled

While joy is in the glances beaming,

Can paint the breast's convulsive throb,

Or tell the bosom's secret anguish,

The silent, deep, soul-rending sob,

That leaves the sorrow'd heart to languish.

When laid within the silent grave,

The winds of Heav'n around me sighing,

With nought to cheer the darkness, save

The midnight breeze in murmurs dying;

Oh! then this heart from grief shall rest

And all its pangs and cares be over,

Within the cold grave's cheerless breast

Shall lie the truest, fondest lover!

To——

Why do I love thy soft blue eye

Since others boast as bright?

Ah! Delia—'tis because I spy

In thine, the spirit's light!

Why do I love thy blooming cheek

When others seem as fair?

Ah! Delia!—but 'twere vain to seek

The light that lingers there.

Why do I gaze upon thy form

Where many rove as light?

Ah! Delia,—thine alone can charm

Though myriads bless my sight.

Why do I muse, and pensive sigh,

When all around are gay?

Ah! Delia,—must I tell thee why?—

Perchance thou'rt far away!

*ELEGIAC LINES.*

When fate hath cut each tender tie

That binds my wither'd heart to life,

And hush'd is ev'ry turbid sigh,

And clos'd at once this scene of strife;

Oh! let me rest in yonder bed,

Where flowrets ever soft and fair,

May bloom upon my wearied head

And fling their sweetness on the air.

How sweet is hope's delusive ray

To those who in affliction weep,

Yet sweeter is the close of day

When all their sorrows sink in sleep

If long and sound that slumber be

That soothes the weary wanderer's breast,

Oh! may that sleep descend on me

And lull me to eternal rest!

*ON LEAVING*—

Oft in my lonely wanderings here

When musing sad on human pride,

I've shed th' involuntary tear

O'er blasted hopes, or joys denied;

Yet trust me, never did I feel

A keener throb unnerve my heart,

Than now when tears unbidden steal,

To tell me, we must part—must part!

Oh! thus it ever yet has been

In all my happiest hours of joy,

Some luckless spell would intervene

And all my treasur'd hopes destroy.

Ev'n here where fancy wild and free,

Has dwelt beneath affection's beam,

Some thought would steal on memory,

And tell me—it was but a dream!

A dream indeed—and soon alas!

It fled—nor left a lingering ray,  
Like morning beams that swiftly pass,  
Without a trace to mark their way.

Yet cold and dead this heart must be,  
And lost to sweet affections tear,  
When it shall cease to think of thee,  
And all the friends I cherish here.

Farewell!—and when in distant climes  
If chance should bid my footsteps rove,  
The dream of those remember'd times  
Will lead me to the friends I love!

And when at length my life is past,  
And all my joy and sorrow's o'er,  
My wounded spirit—free at last,  
Shall fly to thine—and part no more.

*FINIS.*









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